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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL XXII NO 1
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LI, NO 6

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MR. BIRD'S UMBRELLA.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK]

Not so very obtuse either, but very quick to take a hint and to guess when he was disliked and his company objected to. We passed each other twice or thrice a day after that, but he never ventured to speak to me again. He bowed with great gravity and exhibited extraordinary formality in taking off his hat, seizing it in the middle of the crown and raising it like the lid off a saucepan, and there was no further occasion to object to his expansive smile. He was a stolid, even a woebegone young man, with something on his mind. Had it not been for that everlasting telescope under his arm one could have imagined him a prey to the deepest rooted sorrow.

I think he was the most sad when I passed him in company with the captain who sometimes condescended to promenade with me, and the most angry when I was out with Mr. Goode, to whom I was a relief from the wear and tear of two boys wonderfully full of animal spirits on unseasonable occasions. When I was with Lily Brian, he seemed to brighten up a little, and Lily was curious concerning him, and asked me many questions.

"Who is that good looking young man, Jane, who is always taking his hat off?" she asked one morning.

"He is a carver and gilder; I don't know him—that is, I hardly know him," I said. "He called once about something he had dropped down our area, and he has claimed an acquaintance ever since."

"Then why doesn't he speak?" asked the practical Lily.

"He's much too quick with his speech; and it's a very good thing he's a trifle quieter just now," I said, sharply, and Lily looked at me and said, eagerly,

"Tell me all about it! Is he"—

"No, he is not."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Jane; I thought he was."

An enigmatic dialogue, but we perfectly understood each other. And I hoped that I had made Lily understand I had no interest in Mr. Bird, for young girls jump so rapidly at conclusions where young men are concerned. Not that Lily was in the habit of jumping after young men in any way—I do not mean to convey that impression. Lily was full of spirits, but a good girl in every respect, with not an atom's worth of the ordinary Margate jetty girl in her constitution; not she. Still, curiously enough, I was deceived in and by Lily Brian. I had no idea she could have been so cunning or so easily deceived. One morning when I walked down the jetty I found to my intense astonishment Mr. and Mrs. Brian, Lily, George, the eldest Master Brian and Mr. Goode, all talking and laughing with Mr. Bird, and taking it in turns to peer through his telescope at some object on the far horizon. I walked up slowly, and with blushes on my cheeks, I am sure, in my surprise.

"Jane, my dear, here's a gunboat," said Mr. Brian, as I approached; "this gentleman has been kind enough to allow us to inspect it through his very powerful telescope. Look here, child."

Mr. Bird did smile a little, in a sheep faced and embarrassed kind of manner, as he glanced toward me, but he did not say a word when Mr. Brian handed me the instrument. He even let Mr. Goode focus the instrument for me without interfering in any way, although I fancied I heard him grinding his teeth.

"It's a capital glass, sir," said Mr. Brian to him. Mr. Brian, being of a genial turn, was always disposed to be friendly with the first stranger whom he encountered out of town.

"Yes, it's a good glass."

"Had it long, sir? Would you like to dispose of it now?" was the insinuating inquiry.

"It belonged to my father," was the reply, "therefore it has not a money value to me. It was his present when I was one-and-twenty, and I shouldn't like to part with it."

Another birthday present, I thought. Heavens, if he were to lose this too!

"Certainly not, certainly not," said Mr. Brian, "I admire your good feeling, sir. George, you hear that," he said to his son, who was lacking in filial sentiment, and was at that identical moment sucking the bare knob of his stick as if it were an egg.

George nodded and then winked at me. A most objectionable lout was George, and Mr. Bird scowled ferociously at him, and from him to me.

I inspected the gunboat, or tried to inspect it, for the object glass was very misty with little transparent worms that seemed to be wriggling and dancing all over it; I returned the telescope to its owner, who said: "Thank you, ma'am," very quietly, and with his look of sadness highly developed again.

Still he remained remarkably non-obtrusive; he did not attempt to force his conversation upon me in any way, and presently he was walking down the jetty with Mr. Brian, and talking and laughing as if he had known him all his life.

I thought all this was a new and deep laid scheme of his, but it was really Lily Brian who was at the bottom of it all, or who at least induced her parents and brother to say from that day "Good morning" to Mr. Bird, and even to shake hands with him. Hence I was obliged to say "Good morning" also when he directly addressed me, and to become by degrees on speaking terms with him again, and almost to forget that umbrella question which had been a bone of contention—a whalebone of contention—between us. Not that the umbrella was off his mind in any way, for he had been introduced to Capt. Choppers on one occasion—by Capt. Choppers' express request, as that gentleman wanted to borrow his telescope—and to my astonishment I heard Mr. Bird say, five minutes after the introduction,

"You see, it was not for the value of the umbrella, but because of the associations connected with it. I hope you understand, captain."

"I understand perfectly," was the reply; "but that was no reason why you should have kicked up such an abominable uproar, sir."

Capt. Choppers had borrowed the telescope, and was now dominant and rude.

The time was drawing toward the end of the holiday when Mr. Bird and I were friends. I may remark, actually friends, although I will say very firmly, and despite Lily Brian's opinion, nothing more than friends. Mr. Bird's holiday would expire a few days before our own, I learned, and, though I would not have owned it for untold wealth, I was sorry he was going back to London. He had informed me of his position by that time, and of his prospects for the future, or of some of them. He had given up the business, and his father's business before him, of carver and gilder in the Goswell road; he was very clever at his trade, I felt sure, for he had been offered the post of superintendent of work by an eminent firm in Oxford street, with whom he had done business for years, and at a very respectable salary indeed.

He was exceedingly communicative the last day of his stay in Margate; we were sitting together under the shelter of the veranda of the refreshment room, with the band playing out in the rain. We were alone for a wonder; the Brians were on the rocks in search of anemones, with the exception of Lily, who had left me half an hour ago, with an injunction to come home if it "poured," and with an umbrella to shelter me, as I had ventured out without my own. She had seen—having very sharp eyes of her own—Mr. Geoffry Bird advancing down the jetty, and had made some trivial little excuse to leave me "to give the poor fellow a chance," as she told me afterwards. And there he was sitting by my side, cool and comfortable, and with the rain coming down in big drops and startling and confounding the pleasure seekers.

"I shall be quite the gentleman soon, Miss Neild," he said, with a laugh, "and with a soul above shop keeping. I only want a few friends about me to make life worth living, but I have never had any friends. Never had the time, or never saw anybody who was worth taking any trouble about, until—until lately."

I could not reply to this. I did not know what he meant by "lately."

"People never took to me, either," he confessed, ruefully; "I have a bad habit of speaking out what is on my mind, and I'm inquisitive and suspicious at times, and so forth. Altogether a beastly character."

He waited for me to reply to this. I had thought him abrupt and inquisitive and suspicious, but that seemed a very long time ago now. He had improved wonderfully of late days: there were little traits of character, of frankness, earnestness, generosity, one could almost admire, but I was not going to tell him so, though he waited patiently as if he expected something of the kind. As if men were not vain enough in themselves, without being told of their accomplishments!

"You would not like anybody to say that but yourself," I said, however; and it was a remark which did not commit me to anything.

"No. I should knock him down, probably," he replied, "especially if it were the captain or that railway goods inspector fellow."

"Don't you like them?" I asked innocently.

"Do you?" he rejoined.

"They are old friends, almost."

"You don't make your lodgers your friends?" he remarked.

"Not always."

"I should think not," he said, very scornfully now.

"But these two gentlemen knew me when I was a little girl."

"Ah, that makes a difference, I suppose; that's why they are both so fond of you," he added, with a sigh.

"Fond of me?"

"You might marry either of them to-morrow, if you cared to hold up your little finger; I can see that."

"What nonsense!"

"Oh, it's true enough," he cried.

I laughed.

"Then I shan't hold up my little finger."

"That's right," he said; and he actually drew a long, deep breath, as though it relieved him to hear me say no; "for that captain's a pompous old noodle—a selfish party, who's stuck to my telescope a whole week—and the railway man would fidget any woman out of her life in a fortnight."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's an old woman, that's all."

"Upon my honor, you are very uncomplimentary in your verdict upon my lodgers."

"I hate your keeping a lodging house," he muttered.

"My poverty and not my will consents," I answered.

He was very silent for a long time now. The visitors had hurried homeward, or had sought shelter like ourselves, the band had ceased playing, the rain was coming down in earnest.

"May I ask a favor of you before I go back to London?" he said suddenly and very hoarsely.

"What is it?"

"Will you say 'yes'?"

"Not till I know what it is about," I replied, with spirit, "certainly not."

"Well, then," he cried, "don't give me back that little bird I carved. You said you would, and it has been preying on my mind that it will come flying back some day when I least expect it and so upset me terribly. I want it hanging on your wall, to remind you of me sometimes, you know; being a bird like me, you see, it must. And though our acquaintance did not commence auspiciously, still you have forgotten and forgiven, haven't you?"

"Well—yes—almost."

"And you'll keep that little carving?"

"Perhaps I will."

"Bless you, Jane—Miss Neild, I mean. And now!"

I was getting alarmed at his vehemence, and very much afraid of what he would say next. I jumped up.

"I think I will go home to Lily. She's all alone, poor girl."

"But it's raining cats and dogs."

"I don't mind the rain, and I'm fond of cats and dogs," I said, tripping from the shelter and struggling to open the umbrella which Lily had lent to me.

"You have caught cold in the rain before now," he said, dryly; "do stop a few minutes longer."

"No," I said, shaking my head, "I would rather not."

"Here, let me manage that thing for you, then," he said, making a dash at the umbrella, opening it and holding it above my head, "if you must run away; but you'll get very wet."

"I've got my waterproof."

"Yes, but—oh, Lord!"

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed, as he turned very red and white, just as I had seen him on the fort, only now he looked at me as if I were a ghost and my spectral appearance had frightened him.

He did not reply at once, and I cried:

"Oh, what is the matter? Aren't you well? Won't you tell me?"

"It's all right; that is, I shall be all right in a minute," he answered, in quite a new and hard tone of voice; "don't mind me."

"What can it be?"

"I tell you it's nothing, Miss Neild," he said. "Don't take any notice of me, please. I had rather you didn't."

It was a strange request, but I did not. I maintained a rigid silence, being a little nettled presently at his own silent movements at my side, his steady stare ahead of him, the stern expression on his face. He marched along in so grave and dumb a fashion at last that I could have slapped his face for him. What did he mean by such behavior, I wondered? At the end of the jetty he brought my heart into my mouth by suddenly roaring out:

"No, I'll never believe it! It's magic, it's a lying dream, it's anything but this! I can't believe it of you; I'd rather jump into the sea than think of it for another moment."

"Think what? Good gracious! why don't you tell me?"

"Think that you have deceived me all the time. You, too, of all the lot of them!"

"What have I done, Mr. Bird?"

"This—this umbrella," he cried.

"Well?"

"It—it's the umbrella I dropped down your area? My father's present; I can swear to it anywhere. They're my initials on that silver collar, 'G. B.' Oh! heaven and earth, to fancy for one instant that you—Miss Neild, I am going raving mad. Look at it, look at it!"

I stared from him to the umbrella, which he had thrust into my hands, and felt going mad myself. I looked so terribly mean and guilty, and yet I was so perfectly innocent, and I did not want him now to have one thought against me. I was confused; I did not know how to explain; I felt too indignant in the midst of my grief even to try to explain; for he should not have jumped to conclusions in this way, but have waited, and then I burst into tears.

"Oh, pray don't cry," he called out, "for mercy's sake, don't, Jane; I don't care about the umbrella now, I don't mind your taking"—

"It's—it's not mine!" I screamed out at last. "It was lent me by Lily Brian, because she thought it—it—it would rain before I got home. There!"

"Thank God! What an awful thief she is for one so young," he cried. "I am so tremendously glad, though, so awfully glad!"—

"Take your umbrella," I cried, pitching it at him; "and I'm glad it's found, too, very."

"I don't mean I'm glad I've found it, but that you"—

"How dare you suspect me I cried, sweeping majestically away from him, but he followed me and held the umbrella over my head again, and overwhelmed me with hurried and incoherent apologies, which I declined to accept.

"Perhaps it's not mine," he said at last. "Pray be rational, Miss Neild. 'B' stands for Brian as well as Bird. Is Mr. Brian's Christian name George, do you think?"

"Don't speak to me. You know it's your umbrella."

"It is a little like it," he said, dismally.

"I don't want any miserable evasions, Mr. Bird, and I never want to see or speak to you again, and I"—

"Why, Jenny, what's the matter?" cried Lily Brian, suddenly appearing round the corner of the street, and under another umbrella, and with a shawl over her arm. "Where have you been? Ma was afraid you wanted more wraps, and has sent me out with them, and—how d'ye do, Mr. Bird? Who'd have thought of seeing you this wet day?"

"I've offended Miss Neild," he said, not smiling in the least at her arch manner of address to him.

"You! Oh, what about?" she cried.

"That nasty, hateful umbrella," I said. "Where did you get it, Lily? oh! where did you get it?"

"What's the matter with the umbrella?" asked Lily, very cool and self possessed.

"It—it's not yours!" I exclaimed. "It never was yours!"

"No, it's George's. He lent it me this morning."

"And where—where did your brother get it?"

"I don't know."

But we did very shortly. George had found it in his father's area, and, v... a total disregard of other people's rights—being young and short of umbrellas—had quietly appropriated it without any fuss. It was like a merciful dispensation having his initials already engraved for him, too. Yes, it was down Mr. Brian's area that Mr. Bird had dropped his umbrella that night, and Geoffry had knocked at the next door by mistake.

I call him Geoffry now. And a very lucky mistake it was, he always says, even to this day, and I have been Mrs. Bird three years, and there is another little Bird crowing in its nest, too.

CORNER LOTS.

BY ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

Tulita Anita de Lunavarita stood in the garden, picking lavender. Although the sun shone, and the waters of the bay sparkled, and the distant Coronados Islands and the hills of Mexico floated in a blue haze before her, Tulita had no eyes for the pretty picture. Her mind was occupied with weightier matters. Perhaps she was not even aware that she herself made a much prettier picture with her girlish figure relieved against the white adobe house behind her, and her shapely head poised on one side, as she critically examined, with her big dark eyes, each spray of lavender. She may even have been unaware that the young man walking on the other side of the road was evidently of this opinion, although when he made a misstep into a chuck hole full of dust, through having his eyes on her, Tulita's rosy lips puckered themselves up, and a suspicious little movement of her shoulders suggested that she was not entirely ignorant of the young man's mishap.

But, as has been said, her mind was engaged with weightier matters, and scarcely vouchsafing a second glance at the retreating figure of the young man, she entered the white adobe house. Placing her fragrant load upon a table, she took up an old copy of The Fashion Guide, which she had left face downward when she went to gather lavender, and consulted it with a studious frown. Then going to a chest of drawers, she procured some odds and ends of ribbons, and, seating herself with a business like air, proceeded, with many references to the instructions, to braid the sprigs of lavender together with the ribbons.

"These useful as well as ornamental little articles," the book said, at the end of its disquisition, "are rapidly becoming indispensable in every household. In fact, we know of several young ladies who derive a comfortable income from the manufacture and sale of lavender sticks."

"I don't know," said Tulita, to herself, as she regarded her first effort disparagingly, "it seems to me that anybody would be a fool to buy that. But, there," she continued, more hopefully, "you never can tell about these Americans."

And, proceeding with the work, she soon exhausted her lavender and ribbons, and had instead a neat little pile of "lavender sticks."

"Madre de Dios!" said Tulita, as with her chin on her hand she gazed at the result of her labors, "if that little mother of mine was to catch me at this, how quickly those things would go out of the window," and she laughed softly at the thought. "Although," she continued, "if she can do sewing for money, why should not I also work? At any rate, I must have some shoes, that is the truth." And thrusting her foot out, she leaned over the table to look at it. It was a dainty, slender foot with an arched instep, but the shoe upon it was unmistakably, hopelessly ragged. "Ah! go hide yourself," said Tulita, severely; "you make me ashamed."

Then sinking back on her chair, she rested her chin on her hand once more, and thought: "Ah, if only I could make enough to buy a pair of shoes." And after awhile a tear rolled down her cheek and fell on the lavender sticks.

But at this moment the click of the latch on the garden gate made Tulita spring to her feet. With a quick movement she swept the lavender sticks into a drawer, and when the new comer entered the room, Tulita was before the mirror singing to herself, while she braided her long hair, which had fallen as suddenly as a southern night.

"Is it thou, madre?" she said.

"Yes, it is I—all that is left of me," said the lady who had entered, a woman whose still handsome face was lined by grief and trouble. "Sainted Mother! but it is warm in the sun," she continued, fanning herself with that indolent, graceful sweep of the wrist peculiar to women of the south. Then, pausing a moment, she elevated her head and said: "What is that odor in the house, like sage brush?"

"Perhaps it is this bit of lavender," said Tulita, hiding her guilty face behind her hair.

"Paugh!" said her mother. "It is too strong. Throw it away."

And as she obeyed, Tulita's heart went down into her ragged boots at this unexpected disparagement of the odor of lavender. "Sage brush, indeed." It disheartened her so that the idea of attempting to "derive a comfortable income from the manufacture and sale of lavender sticks" was at once dismissed in scorn. Even the possibility of new shoes grew very faint.

But with the next morning's sun the hope and high spirits of youth returned, and when Tulita started to walk in to San Diego to make some purchases for her mother, the lavender sticks were hidden beneath her shabby little black mantle. Last night, after she had gone to bed, she had lain awake for at least an hour deciding where to offer them for sale. Senna & Squills' drug store was the favored place. It was on the principal street, and had fine large windows full of fancy goods. It would be a very simple matter to walk in and ask them to sell the sticks for her. Of course she would pay them something for their trouble. Then, too, she had heard that very morning there were an unusual number of eastern tourists in town, and she hurried her steps so as not to lose any chances.

But when Tulita came in sight of Senna & Squills' establishment her enthusiasm ebbed. She chided herself for walking so rapidly and getting heated and out of breath. What would the people in the store think of her? Slower and slower grew her pace, until, arriving in front of her destination, she stopped and looked at the display of fancy goods in the window. The comparison was not favorable to her lavender sticks.

"Perhaps, after all," thought Tulita, "the idea of anybody wanting to buy such things is absurd." Suppose Senna & Squills should laugh at her! She concluded to think about it a little more and walked on.

The further Tulita went, however, the more her courage returned, until, telling herself she was behaving ridiculously, she resolutely retraced her steps until the store was once more reached. But again she paused irresolutely before the window. Then she crossed the street to look in the window of a book store that might perhaps be better adapted to her purpose. Deciding against the book store, she returned to the drug store. Then the dreadful thought occurred to her than her movements must be attracting attention. The policeman on the corner had certainly looked at her very hard. What if he should speak to her! This idea was so appalling that Tulita hurriedly walked on down the street, without looking to the right or left. It was not until she had turned the first corner she came to that she recovered her equanimity. Then scolding herself severely for this panic, she continued on slowly around the block, until once more she found herself in front of Senna & Squills' establishment. Bracing up her treacherous courage with a great effort she walked in.

One of the clerks, observing the hesitation of a young and pretty customer, advanced toward her, and, in his suavest manner, said: "What can I do for you today, miss?"

"Is—a—is Mr. Senna in?" faltered Tulita.

"Mr. Senna, miss!" exclaimed the young man, with a look of surprise, "Mr. Senna is dead."

"Oh," murmured Tulita, "I am very sorry."

And, with burning cheeks, she found herself in the street once more. How far or where she walked after that Tulita was never quite sure. When her thoughts were sufficiently collected she discovered that she was in front of one of the principal hotels. She saw a news stand near the main entrance. On the impulse of the moment she stopped, and, opening her bundle of lavender sticks, she showed them to the proprietor and asked him if he would try to sell them for her. He was an elderly man, and while not enthusiastic over the prospects of a brisk business in lavender sticks, he was very kind to the girl and readily agreed to do all in his power to advance her little venture.

Meantime the newsdealer had sold all of Tulita's lavender sticks. Not that they had filled one of the public's long felt wants, for they had all been bought by one person, that person being Mr. Brown, of Philadelphia. Mr. Brown, while leaning idly against the news stand, had seen Tulita come up, and on getting a sight of her face had said to himself in surprise, "By Jove! That is the pretty girl I saw in the garden yesterday afternoon." And although he politely moved away out of hearing of the conversation, he furtively watched the pretty girl, and had no difficulty in understanding the nature of her transaction with the old newsdealer. "Hard up, of course," said Mr. Brown, sympathetically. Then as Tulita tripped away he returned to his lounging place by the news stand, and picking up one of the lavender sticks with an air of idle curiosity, asked what they were for.

"They are made of lavender," replied the dealer, "and you put them in the bureau drawer to make your clothes smell nice, at any rate that is what the young lady who left them here says. I never saw any myself before. I guess I'll sell 'em for souvenirs of southern California. They are made by a native Californian, and it will be a change on horned toads."

"That is a good idea," said Mr. Brown calmly. "In fact I have an aunt at home who would not like horned toads, so I will take some of these. How many have you got? A dozen? Well, you can let me have the lot."

As the pleased dealer was wrapping up Mr. Brown's purchase that gentleman flipped the ash from his cigar and said, after a pause, "What do you mean by 'native Californian?' Is not every one born in California a native?"

"Well, yes," said the dealer, with patient forbearance for the ignorance of this "tender foot," who was so good a customer, "I suppose they are. But when we say native Californian we mean the Spanish or Mexican people, who lived here when the country belonged to the greasers. Have you ever read 'Two Years Before the Mast,' by Mr. Dana? If you haven't I have got a copy here I would like to sell you. Mr. Dana was in San Diego back in the thirties. There was not much here then except a few adobe houses in Old Town and the mission, but he gives you a pretty good idea of the native Californian. Some of them came originally from Spain, and had grants of land from the king so big that they could ride for days as the crow flies and not leave their ranches. They lived like lords that you read about, with a hundred or so Indians to herd their cattle, and every one that happened along was welcome to the best. Helen Hunt gives you a good idea of that in 'Ramona.' I would like to sell you this copy; it's the last I got left. You have read it? Well, as I was saying, when the Americans commenced coming in here the native Californians began losing their land. They found it necessary to have money to keep up with the procession, and the most of their ranches got pretty well plastered, so that one way or another the big grants got broke up, and so did the natives. I guess there are mighty few of them now that could pan out anything but law suits. I shouldn't wonder now if the father of that young lady once owned a million or so of acres, you can't tell. But, you bet, if he had any of it left, now that the boom has struck the town, she wouldn't be making those things," touching Mr. Brown's parcel. "Not," he added hastily, "but what they are a first class article in their way. In fact I must get her to make some more, I guess they'll take pretty well. You don't want to buy Helen Hunt's book? Mr. Dana's? Well, so long."

* * * * * * *

Shoving the bundle of lavender into the pocket of the light overcoat that hung across his arm, Mr. Brown left the hotel, and with the air of a man who has nothing to do and all the day before him he walked along the streets. Finally he entered a tall frame building bearing the legend "Furnished rooms to let." Ascending to the top floor, he opened the door of what proved to be a small apartment, well filled with a bed and bed lounge, both presenting evidence of recent use. In a corner before a small looking glass stood a well dressed man of about 30 years of age, carefully arranging a four in hand tie. He turned as Mr. Brown entered, and looked at him expectantly, but immediately resumed his occupation.

"Well, old man," he said, "anything new?"

"No," said Mr. Brown, throwing his overcoat on the bed. The bundle of lavender dropped out of the pocket, and Mr. Brown, picking it up, shied it after the coat.

"What is that?" said the gentleman at the looking glass; "manuscript?"

"No," said Mr. Brown, with a slight look of embarrassment; "something I got at the hotel. Why the devil hasn't that Chinaman made the beds up?" he continued, impatiently. "It is nearly 12 o'clock." And going to the door Mr. Brown called out in no gentle tones: "Here you! Sing Lee! Sing Lee!"

"My dear fellow," exclaimed his companion, with an affectation of terror, "for heaven's sake, don't do that! You will stir up the old woman. I spent a whole hour this morning persuading her to be quiet for another week." And drawing Brown back into the room, he tiptoed into the entry, and cautiously peered over the banisters. Then coming back, he closed the door softly, and heaved a sigh of relief.

Brown's puzzled expression changed to a smile. "Oh," he said, "I forgot about the rent. But, I say, Benton, we can't owe her very much for this little coop; can't you pay her enough to let me kick that Chinaman into some idea of decency?"

"Can't be done, my dear boy," said his companion. "You must learn to deny yourself these luxuries."

"Talking of denial," said Brown, "I am frightfully hungry. Have you had your breakfast?"

"This don't happen to be breakfast day," said Benton, "this is lunch day: but we will have it early, in fact, I was only waiting for you to come in. We dined off the last of my watch last night, you know, so as not to break that $5 piece of yours."

At this Brown's face changed, and his eyes sought Tulita's lavender sticks, which lay upon the unmade bed. "I'll tell you what it is, Tom," he said, finally, looking up at his friend comically, "you ought to break my neck."

"Why?" said Mr. Benton.

"Simply because I am not to be trusted alone. I threw away $3 of that money this morning. You see," he continued more earnestly, "I never had an experience of this sort before, and I keep forgetting."

"Of course," said Benton, sympathetically. "We can't expect a leopard to change his spots in an instant."

"Here," continued Brown, taking out his purse, "you take charge of the rest of this."

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," replied Benton. "You forgot our agreement in San Francisco after that unlucky stock deal into which I got you"——

"And in which you lost fifty thousand to my five," interrupted Brown.

"You forget our agreement," continued Benton, without heeding this remark, "that we were to pool our resources, and share equally gains and losses, from a two bit piece to a hundred thousand dollars."

"A hundred thousand dollars," repeated Brown, meditatively.

"That is nothing," said Benton, "I have made as much as that before now."

"In stocks, yes," said Brown, "but they have no stocks here."

"No," said Benton, "but they have something a hundred times better; they have a magnificent climate, and harbor, and everything to make a big city. And you mark my word, there is going to be one of the biggest booms right here that the world has ever seen. Kansas City won't be a circumstance to it. Why the climate alone"——

"Oh, come down!" interrupted Brown, irreverently.

Benton laughed and said, "Seriously, Frank, if we only can manage to get hold of some land our fortune is made. I am as sure of that as that at present we are dead broke. If that wealthy father of yours back in the respectable village of Philadelphia only knew what a glorious chance there was to make a million or so right here"—— and Mr. Benton sighed.

"Well, he won't know through me," replied Brown. "If the worst comes I can always drive a team, but I won't ask him for help."

"I think you are wrong, old man," said Benton. "Not on account of the money, but on general principles. However, we will make our stake just the same. And now about lunch; I am starved."

"I think I ought to be made to eat the lavender," said Brown, looking ruefully at his purchase, as he disclosed the contents of the bundle to his friend. "There, how is that for a $3 investment?"

"But what is it?" said Benton, picking up one of the lavender sticks and looking at it suspiciously. "Dynamite! Phiz'z'z't! For the old woman?" with an expressive reference to the region occupied by the landlady.

"No, you old Anarchist," replied Brown. Then in a fine lady's voice he said: "Tis sweet lavender. Placed in your bureau drawer, it will give a pleasing odor to your linen. That's right," he continued in his own voice, "laugh! I was going to give you one. I shan't now."

"Did they throw a bureau in?" said Benton; "otherwise, it is not much use to us."

"Ugh!" said Brown, scornfully; "think of a man who has to go without his breakfast buying $3 worth of lavender?"

"Don't make me laugh any more," said Benton; "it is weakening, and we can't afford it. Tell me, how did you come to buy those things?"

Whereupon Mr. Brown narrated the story of his purchase.

"Young," said Benton, at its conclusion

The Columbian.

E. B. Elwell, J. E. Bittenbender., } Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1888.

Charles H. Campbell took possession of the Register and Recorder's office on Monday morning. Those who have business to transact in that office during Mr. Campbell's incumbency may be sure that they will be treated with courtesy. P. H. Freeze is assisting for the present.

The Postmaster General has prepared a bill, which will be introduced into the House as soon as practicable after the re-assembling of Congress, materially modifying the present law relating to permissable writing or printing on the wrappers of second, third and fourth-class mail matter. The bill provides that any printing which is mailable as third class matter may be placed upon the wrappers of such matter, provided it is not in the nature of a correspondence; and provided further, that a sufficiently large space be left for the address.

COMMISSIONERS' APPOINTMENTS.

On Monday morning the new board of county commissioners was sworn in and entered upon their duties. B. F. Zarr Esq. was elected counsel to the commissioners, and Dr. J. C. Ratter physician to the jail, but there was a contest for the position of clerk. There were fourteen applicants for the place, but it soon became apparent that the fight was between John B. Casey who has held the place for the past nine years, and J. D. Bodine of Mainville. On Tuesday morning after six ballots Mr. Bodine was elected by the votes of Mess. Rittenhouse and Girton, Mr. Stevens voting for Casey. As Mr. Bodine had offered to do the work for $600 the salary was fixed at that figure. It has been $800 for some years past. Mr. Bodine's appointment was something of a surprise to the local politicians, because so far as could be seen on the surface the indications have been that Mr. Casey would be retained, and his appointment has been predicted all along. But "there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip."

Mr. Casey who goes out, has been a very good clerk.

Mr. Bodine is competent and intelligent, and it will not take him long to get the run of the business of the office.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 2, 1888.

At the close of the year it is probably the proper thing to briefly review the Government's financial condition. During the month of December, the receipts from all sources were $29,325,258, and the disbursements were $10,400,682, a net gain of nearly nineteen millions, out of which amount about three and a half millions interest upon the public debt must be paid, leaving the total during that month the national debt was reduced fifteen and a quarter millions, and for the whole year it was decreased a little more than one hundred and seventeen million dollars —the largest reduction being made in June and November.

Many of the Congressmen who visited their homes during the recess, have returned, and others are daily arriving —all looking with impatience to the re-assembling of Congress, when the committees will be announced and the work of the session will begin in earnest. It is understood that Speaker Carlisle has finished his most tedious and troublesome undertaking—that of making out his committee lists, and with his great experience, it is confidently believed that his work will be acceptable, although many members will be disappointed at their assignments. Those not familiar with the workings of Congressional ambition cannot conceive of the jealousies and bickerings of aspiring statesmen in such matters. If a member's name does not appear first on a committee, he would like to be a second or third; every Congressman has a settled aversion to appearing last on a committee.

Under the lead of those Republican malignants, Senators Sherman, Hoar and Edmunds, a concerted effort is being made to defeat the confirmation of Mr. Lamar, but it will probably fail of its purpose, although it may defer action on the nomination several weeks. The proposed promotion of the Secretary will be made the occasion of a lengthy and heated partisan debate by the Republicans, in which the South will be severely assailed. Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, and one or two other Republican Senators, have intimated a willingness to vote for Mr. Lamar's translation, and there is little doubt of his ultimate success.

The Democratic Senators are very pronounced in favor of tariff reform, and they have appointed a committee, of which Mr. Kenna is chairman, to confer with the party leaders in the House on the issue of tax reduction, as such a bill must necessarily originate in that body. Mr. Kenna's selection is significant, and his views on the question of tariff legislation are known to be conservative, and it is therefore thought that he is inclined to favor a compromise measure.

Both parties realize that the tariff must be revised, and they are accordingly making preparations with the view of accomplishing that object and at the same time preserving partisan alignments. It remains to be seen whether such a difficult feat in political gymnastics can be executed successfully.

The report of the Pacific Railroad Commission will be one of the most important measures brought to the attention of Congress, and it is hoped that this giant corporation will be compelled to fulfill its contract with the Government whose forbearance it has exhausted. Ex-Governor Pattison's minority report is a most severe but just arraignment, in which Republican and millionare United States Senator Stanford and his bonanza associates are handled in a manner truly refreshing and convincing, and it is hoped that his views will direct the policy of Congress

Among the President's Christmas presents were a frozen watermelon and a live golden eagle. It is supposed that the melon was disposed of at the White House, but Mr. Cleveland having no place about the mansion for the proud bird of liberty, presented him to the "Zoo" at the national Museum to keep company with the bear, deer, prairie dog, wolves, and red foxes, recently received from the West, and which it is believed will form the nucleus of a large collection of American wild animals and fowls.

What Pennsylvania Owes.

HARRISBURG, December 30.—Governor Beaver to day issued a proclamation announcing that the total amount of the State debt canceled for the year ending November 30, 1887, amounted to $1,418,511. At the close of the same year the total debt amounted to $15,840,471,28, and the assets of the sinking fund to $10,684,362.43. This leaves Pennsylvania with a debt of $5,156,108.85.

The Strike Now On

FIFTEEN THOUSAND SCHUYLKILL MINERS OUT OF WORK.

READING, Pa., Jan. 3.—The worst news anticipated in connection with the Reading Railroad troubles has just been received from the coal regions to the effect that every colliery of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company in the Schuylkill Coal Basin quit work to-day. With the exception of a few individual collieries about Ashland and Mahanoy City, which agreed to pay their miners the 8 per cent. advance, all the regions are idle to-day, and it is a question whether the miners in the individual collieries will not join their brethern.

Master Workman Holmes of St. Clair, who answered the circular letter of President Corbin, after reviewing the entire situation, says the miners are courageous to enter the mines and work. There are no cowards among them. They know they will have to face misery, want, and starvation, while the officials live in plenty. Yet the miners claim that the 8 per cent. advance which the company can easily pay gives them but a scant living, and they prefer to suffer and go hungry and see their wives and children in despair rather than give up the strike, which is a strike for principle. Such is the feeling of the miners of the Philadelphia and Reading Company. They are determined. All the eloquence of Mr. Parker, Congressman Brunner, and other labor leaders could not persuade them to keep at work. They went out, and this means a long and a bitter struggle. The miners say the company need not hire extra police, but that the miners will scrupulously guard and protect the company's property.

All is quiet in the regions. Coal and freight trains are moving and the railroaders strike has quite drifted into insignificance; it is defeated. The miners' strike is now the topic of all. The individual collieries will be able to supply the local demand for coal if they are not interfered with. There are rumors that the company will not furnish the individual collieries any empty cars to ship their product, but this is denied by the officials. From now on the coal shipments will be very light.

ASHLAND, Pa., Jan. 3.—The Knights of Labor miners at a meeting here last night decided to go on strike, and as a consequence there is but one Reading colliery in this district working, and that one is short handed. Riley and Company have made a satisfactory agreement with their employes and their collieries are in operation. This agreement, it is said, is a continuance of the rate of wages in force during the past few months.

Shaffer Confessed.

THE LOCK HAVEN MURDERER TELLS HOW HE MURDERED THE COLBYS.

Shaffer, the murderer who has been sentenced to death for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Colby at Lock Haven has confessed all the facts of the murder to a Williamsport *Grit* reporter. Following is his full confession as given in *Grit*:

He says that he came from the West last Summer on account of the scrape he got into by passing a brass check on an old farmer and afterward escaping from the officers. He traveled on freight trains nearly all the way until he reached Milesburg, where he left the railroad and took to the wagon roads. He went through Bellefonte to Zion, thence to Hublersburg, and on down through the Narrows, where he committed the robberies on Saturday morning, August 6th, before daylight. On Saturday morning he went to Colby's house and got breakfast. To these people he stated that his name was Wilcox, and that he was engaged in hunting stray horses. All day Saturday and Saturday night he slept in the bushes in that locality, and on Sunday morning went back to Colby's for breakfast.

Nora Colby recognized him on the second visit, and asked him if his real name wasn't Luther Shaffer, and finding it was useless to deny it any longer he admitted that such was his name. After breakfast he went out and laid in the bushes near by the house until Isaiah went out to cut grass to feed the stock, when he came out of his concealment and went back to the house. He states that Mrs. Colby had been very agreeable to him all along, and he imagined that she was "struck on" him, and accordingly he made certain proposals to her which were rejected. He then took hold of her to throw her down, but she struggled and screamed and her clothing was badly torn. When she fell she let out a frightful scream which frightened Shaffer and he let her up, whereupon she ran out of the house screaming at the top of her voice. He followed her and told her to stop, but she refused, so he drew his revolver and shot at her. When the first shot struck her she cried out, and turned half way around and threw up her arm as she ran, as if to protect her head from the shots. [This fact probably accounts for the ball lodging in her back.] Just as the second shot struck her she had crossed the stream, where she fell. He then went over and shot her in the head—"finished her," as he puts it.

Colby, hearing the shots and screams came in from the meadow with the basket of grass. Shaffer had concealed himself in the bushes that grew thick on all sides, and as Isaiah came up Shaffer shot him and he fell forward dead.

* * * * * * * * * * *

He then went back into the house and looked about for whatever he could find. He took the watch down from the nail, took Colby's pants and the gun, and left. He says he took the gun for fear some one might discover the crime at once and start in pursuit of him, and shoot him with it. The reason he gave for killing these people was, that as he had been recognized by the Colbys and had made the attempt to outrage Nora when she was alive, he was afraid that the robberies and all would come out. He then started for Lock Haven, and when he reached the Flemington bridge he washed himself and threw away one of the shirts he wore. The pants he threw away after leaving the Edgar house, above North Bend, while traveling along the road toward the lumber camps. He says he threw them among the bushes.

ELEANOR KIRK'S LETTER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 1888.

A tour among the fancy stores at this season is wonderfully productive of ideas as well as bargains for Easter, and birthdays, and even for another Christmas. While it may not be altogether advisable to follow the example of one energetic lady who invariably began on Christmas day to make something for next year, yet those of us who sit up nights and wear ourselves out to finish our gifts in time, might well utilize the stormy days and long evenings of Jan. and Feb. in making pretty trifles which will be in readiness even for another Christmas.

The "decorative craze" is said to be over, and yet there never were so many pretty, ingenious and useful articles to be found. Every thing can be utilized by a woman of quick wit. To day I saw a hair brush which had outlived its usefulness in its original form, turned into a very pretty pin cushion. The bristles were clipped off with a sharp scissors, the wooden back after being thoroughly cleansed in strong soda water was gilded, and in lieu of the bristles was a thick padding of cotton covered with yellow silk, the hue of the gilding. Then pins were stuck in like bristles, and there was the old brush—a dainty enough present for any friend.

For tidies, those necessary evils, there is no end of fabric and design. The danger is in making the tidy so delicate and beautiful that it is no longer useful. I saw one not long ago made of white bolting cloth of finest texture. The design, a group of grasses, was exquisitely painted, and the ends were finished with a long white silk fringe. As a work of art it was beautiful, but it was not artistic, simply because it was not adapted to its supposed use. A tidy is primarily a light, easily removable protection for a non-removable furniture covering, and may be made as pretty as you like, but a tidy which needs protection for itself is an offense to a really artistic eye.

There is a great rage now for embroidered bedspreads. They are made either of linen, or of Bolton sheeting, both of which come wide enough for the purpose. The Bolton sheeting is a twilled cotton goods, which comes in a soft, creamy white, and is very pretty for the purpose. The design should be a bold, conventional one, and worked in outline with flourishing thread, a heavy linen thread which is manufactured for this use. It comes in beautiful soft colors, and washes well. These spreads are not cheap affairs. One of them stamped with the work commenced, and materials for finishing, costs at least twenty dollars, and from there up to fifty, according to size and elaborateness of design. Then are finished with a plain hemstitched hem, or with fringe according to taste.

Bags are also in high favor. Large bags to be worn at the side, long bags to be thrown over the arm, dainty little bags to be carried in the hand, sensible looking bags to hang in some convenient corner—all sorts and conditions of bags, and of every possible material from cretonne to China silk.

A young girl who "can neither paint nor embroider" wishes to know how to make a pretty scrap-basket. A lady friend in the same fix made one the other day in this fashion. She got a long rope, and sewed it round and round, moulding it over a tile. When finished, a thick coat of white paint was applied inside and out, with a large brush. After this was thoroughly dry, a small brush was dipped in gold paint, and drawn around in the hollows left between the successive coils of rope, and presto, there was one of the prettiest scrap-baskets ever seen.

"It would seem from your article on Mrs. Cleveland's brown-bread as if every cook ought to know something of chemistry," "old housekeeper" writes and perhaps my ignorance of that science accouts for my non-success in the culinary line."

There are a few practical chronical principles which seem to me indispensable. Still, I am forced to say that some of the best cooks I have ever known are entirely unacquainted with this science. But they had common sense and acute observation. They never made a mistake the second time. And again, there are women of excellent sense, and a knowledge of chemistry, who can not cook well to save their lives. The "knack" or talent is completely lacking. "Old Housekeeper" adds that her daughter made some bread from my receipe—"dissolving a Fleischmann's yeast cake in hotwater," and it was not as light as she could wish. I am inclined to think that both mother and daughter fail from carelessness, for if the latter had read straight, she would have seen that I was particular to say "warm water, not hot." If my rule is followed intelligently, "there is no such word as fail."

ELEANOR KIRK.

The Tramp.

Who, and what is he? Some say he is a nuisance. Yes, worse than a nuisance. There is a way to remove a nuisance, but the tramp you cannot remove. Yes, you can remove him from your domicile, but, only to be succeeded by another. Thus you see, he has come to stay. He is a man of destiny—always bound for a certain, distant locality in quest of employment, which he never wants. You say, enforce the law on the tramp. The law is not always immediately at hand when the tramp is; hence, while you may be getting ready to execute it he may be out of your reach. He is distinguished from all the rest of mankind and is generally known by his costume, budget and gait. Weary, hungry and footsore, he solicits a meal from every house. Through habitual wondering and exposure he contracts filth, lice, and skin diseases, when he is in no fit condition to enter into any home, much less, to share its hospitality. His ravenous appetite is insatiable, though he eat like a glutton at every house. Often he shelters under a tree, or in a cave, when he fails to illicit sympathy from his more fortunate neighbors. His business is always urgent and he is obliged to move whether he wants to or not. He has no fixed or settled place, and is always at home in the open country. He is a parasite on the cold charity of the world, a skeleton drone in the hive of industry, whose honey he does not get to share—despised, forsaken, hated and rejected by everybody. A physical, useless machine, a burthen to himself, with the mark of indolence stamped on his brow, and whose name is odious wherever it is known. No one loving or pitying him, he piles his self-imposed vocation to the utter disgust of every one, which recurs again to the name he bears, —— tramp. Yet, in all candor, we ask again. Who is he? A human being, possessed with an immortal soul, conscious of every instinct known to humanity, with all the necessary functions to restore him to his proper sphere. Poor, mortal wretch; outcast, woe-begone from society. Does the world owe him nothing? Yes, verily, it owes him a living, and he is bound to have it, and why not provide for him a lawful way to obtain it, in the form of some humane industrial institution, and relieve the public, once for all, from this most loathesome pest—the poor, wandering vagabond, whom nobody owns for whom nobody cares.

J.

East Benton.

A man by the name of Fox, near New Columbus, was frozen to death, not far from Ganoga Lake, last Wednesday. He was found by Frank Dildine, of Benton, on the following day.

Edward Earls, of Fairmount, died at the home of Andrew Runyan, last Friday, and was buried at Fairmount Springs the following Sunday, aged about 69 years.

At this writing the protracted meeting still progresses at Hamlin.

For two weeks past we enjoyed excellent sleighing in this locality. Last Saturday it set in to snowing, and continued until late in the night, when it commenced raining, and continued until Sunday afternoon. Part of the time rain fell in torrents.

Thus far the Winter has been mild and changeable, with a sprinkling of an occasional "blizzard," and continuously cold enough to hold the snow, and every rain improved the sleighing, rather than injuring it.

Game of all kinds never was so scarce in our locality since we are "big enough" to know a hare from a rabbit, or a fish from a sucker.

A party of New Year shooters made their annual rounds, saluting the neighbors with a jolly round of gun shots. They were heard in all directions, banging the old year away.

The holiday festivities have come to a close.

J. S Woods, freight and ticket agent at Stillwater, is capable and obliging, always at his post, and the station house open to waiting passengers, to shelter and warm from storm and cold, whether the train is due or not.

Last Saturday evening, shortly before train time, we hastened to the depot, at a certain place but, on arriving, we found a number of passengers already assembled, some as long as half an hour. Though stormy and cold, the station house was locked. Shortly after, several of the fair ones of the town came and made a rush for entry, but the door did not yield to the effort, when one of the ladies gave vent to her indignation in no pleasant terms, and her expression was re-echoed by some of the passengers. Finally, the agent arrived, and apologized by saying that he "had a dog which was confined or imprisoned under a portion of a building, and on account of the frozen condition of the ground, took him some length of time to liberate." It is all well enough and proper to liberate dumb brutes, when in uncomfortable positions, especially *dogs*, but we fail to see the justice of locking out the traveling public during inclement weather on account of it.

Subscribe for the COLUMBIAN and receive all the benefits of the "International Sunday School Lessons," which is a valuable addition to the already interesting reading matter of that paper.

We failed to report the Xmas exercises at St. James on Xmas eve, as we had no programme to give any details of the proceedings. It, however, was a success, and an interesting occasion, and everybody enjoyed it.

When the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western train arrived last night at 9:40, Conductor Barrett assisted two children to alight, and other representatives of the road who had been notified of their coming saw them safely bestowed in the Michigan Central train which left at 12:55. The little ones were a boy and girl, Bessie and Johnny Edwards, aged respective seven and five years, and pretty, happy dispositioned children they were. They started from Bloomsburg, Pa., and attached to the clothing of each was a tag reading "613 East Sixth street, Leadville, Col." The nicely dressed youngsters were amply supplied with provisions for their long trip. The boy seemed to derive great satisfaction from a flute, while his "big sister" found delight in play with a doll almost as big as herself. At Leadville they are to join their father and mother. The route is by the Michigan Central to Detroit, and thence by the Wabash, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and the Colorado Midland railroads to their destination. Orders had been telegraphed all along the line to look out for them and ensure their comfort and safe passage. Bessie and Johnny should preserve this printed mention of their early travels, as forty or fifty years hence it might be of pleasant interest to them.—Buffalo *Courier*, Dec. 28.

The two children mentioned above are nieces of Mrs. Thomas E. Geddis of this place, with whom they had been making their home for some time. They started for their home in Leadville over the D. L. & W. road Tuesday morning of last week. A dispatch was received here by their friends on Sunday saying that they had arrived safely at Leadville.

All sorts of Poison.

Mr. W F. Daley, Advertising Agent of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, writes: "Inflammatory rheumatism swelled my legs and arms to twice their natural size. I suffered excruciating pain. Your wonderful S S S., made a complete cure.

Major Sidney Herbert, editor of the *Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer*, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have fully tested the virtues of Swift's Specific, both as a rheumatism cure and a tonic. It has done even more than its proprietors claim for it.

Mr. Michael Long, Jr., with the Strobridge Lithographic Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "I suffered for two years with a terrible itching and painful sores on my neck, arms, hands and fingers. No physician could help me. S S S relieved me perfectly and I feel like a new man.

Mrs. Amanda Ingle, of Gastonia, N C, writes: "My baby, when four months old, developed scrofula. He had two severe risings and sores on the neck. I sent for our family physician, who pronounced it scrofula, and prescribed S. S. S. for it. I gave the baby S S S, and it soon got the disease under control. The sores are healed, and the baby is well and healthy. I know S S S. saved its life, and I told our doctor so. He is a regular physician, and prescribed S S S for the baby as soon as he saw it had scrofula.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between S. A. Caswell, E. C. Caswell, H. C. Halfpenny and M. E. Caswell, of Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, under the firm of Caswell Brothers & Co., expired with the last day of December, 1887, in accordance with the conditions of the agreement forming the said partnership. E. C. Caswell is authorized to settle all debts due to and by the Company.

E. C. CASWELL,
H. C. HALFPENNY,
Surviving members of the firm of Caswell Brothers & Co.

Bloomsburg, Pa., Jan. 6, 1888.

The manufacture of woolen goods will be continued at the Bloomsburg Woolen Mills, Bloomsburg, Pa. by

E. C. CASWELL,
J. M. STAVER.
E. C. CASWELL & CO.

Bloomsburg, Pa., Jan. 6, 1888.

THE SPARROW.

[The following lines were written by Miss Harriet Rupert, of this town, now in her 82d year.—EDS:]

Up on the house top, flying for fun,
Down on the ground, searching a crumb,
Up on a tree branch ever so high,
When comes a boy or dog, off they fly.

Up on the porch roof, down in the dirt,
Hopping about like a little flirt,
Then up on the fence top with glancing eye,
Peeping as Edith, so cunning and sly.

Out in the cold and blistering storm,
Wrapped in a feathery mantle, warm,
Out in the biting, icy cold air,
With a saucy look of "I don't care."

One there is heeding my hunger cry,
One ever guiding me when I fly,
One ever noticing when I fall,
God on high watching over us all.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Intending purchasers of POND'S EXTRACT cannot take too much precaution to prevent substitution. Some druggists, trading on the popularity of the great Family Remedy, attempt to palm off other preparations, unscrupulously asserting them to be "the same as" or "equal to" POND'S EXTRACT, indifferent to the deceit practiced upon and disappointment thereby caused to the purchaser, so long as larger profits accrue to themselves. Always insist on having POND'S EXTRACT. Take no other.

SOLD IN BOTTLES ONLY; NEVER BY MEASURE. Quality uniform.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York and London.

See our name on every wrapper and label. Note picture of bottle below.

POND'S EXTRACT

For Piles, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Bruises, Burns, Sore Eyes, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Sores, Inflammations, and Hemorrhages of all kinds.

The Famous Lecturer, JOHN B. GOUGH, wrote: "For Sore Throat, especially when tending to ulceration, I have found it very beneficial."

ANDREW D. WHITE, Ex-President of Cornell University, says: "One of the absolute *necessities* of housekeeping." *Be sure to get the genuine.*

EMMA ABBOTT, the celebrated prima donna, says: "Valuable and beneficial."

HEYWOOD, SMITH, M. D., M. R., C. P., of England.—"I have used it with marked benefit."

H. G. PRESTON, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I know of no remedy so generally useful."

ARTHUR GUINNESS, M. D., F. R. C. S., of England.—"I have prescribed POND'S EXTRACT with great success."

JUSTIN D. FULTON, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—"Proving itself to be a necessity in our home."

P. A. WESTERVELT, M. D., Nashville, Tenn.—"Have used large quantities of POND'S EXTRACT in my practice."

Mrs. S. B. McCORD, Matron, Home of Destitute Children.—"We find it most efficacious and useful."

In Bottles only. Prices, 50c., $1, $1.75.

Note our name on every wrapper and label.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

TRIAL LIST, FOR FEB. TERM, 1888.

Ellen M. Chrisman vs. John Howell and R. D. Lacoe.
H F Brittain vs Effie A Rittenhouse and Thomas E Brittain.
Ira Hess vs John F Chapin.
H E Heacock vs William Masteller.
Theodore F. Craig vs Mahala Craig et al.
Mary E Heacock vs P & R R Co et al.
C W McKelvy et al vs C B Brockway.
Jonas Doty's adm'rs et al vs John Sult.
Patrick Burns vs L J Riley & Co.
Curtis Mfg Co vs Clark I Thomas.
J H. Hoyt vs Borough of Berwick.
Franklin Yocum guardian vs William Zahner.
Mathias Kindt vs Charles Sands et al.
Daniel F Seybert vs Gideon Hosler.
J C Yocum vs Susan Brumbach.
Catawissa Deposit Bank vs Isabella Weaver.
D. F. Seybert vs James F Sponenberg.
James Pollock vs H W Vanderslice.
James Bird vs Culp McWilliams & Co.
Maud A Hartman vs Wm F Welliver.
Henry B Low vs John W Fairchilds.
S W Adams vs A B Croop.
M A Markle vs Borough of Berwick.
B F Gardner vs Bloomsburg S & R L Co.
Samuel Appleman exr vs C W Miller.
W E Tubbs et al vs Freeman Mcafee.
Stephen Hutson vs J S Woods et ux.
A B Croop vs H B Low.
Geo K Hess vs Edward Wagner.
D H Sponenberg vs Geo K Hess.
G S Fleckenstine's use vs A A Wilson.
Geo W Murphy vs L A Riley & Co.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF CATHARINE FARVER, DECEASED.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to make distribution of the fund arising from sale of real estate, as shown by account filed to No. 13, Sept. T., 1887, will sit at his office for the purposes of his appointment on Wednesday, February 1, 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m., when and where all persons having claims against said estate must appear and prove them, or be forever debarred from any share of said fund.

L. S. WINTERSTEEN,
Jan 6. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF GEORGE FARVER, DECEASED.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphan' Court of Columbia county to make distribution of the assets in the hands of the administrator, as shown by account filed to No. 5, Sept. Term, 1887, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg, on Wednesday, February 1, 1888, at 10 o'clock a. m., to attend to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims against said estate must appear and prove them, or be forever debarred from any share of said fund.

L. S. WINTERSTEEN,
Jan 6. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF ELIAS KRUMM, DECEASED.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court, to distribute funds in hands of administrator, will attend to the duties of his appointment at the office of C. G. Barkley, in Bloomsburg, on Saturday, January 28, at 9 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons having claims against the said estate must appear and prove them, or be forever debarred from any share of said fund

C. B. JACKSON, Auditor.
Jan. 6.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Elizabeth Hoffman, late of Bloomsburg, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the said estate having been granted to the undersigned administrator all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to pay the same, and those having claims against said estate present the same to

Jan 6-6t. E. JACOBY, Adm'r.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Columbia County Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Association for the election of officers and the transaction of any other proper business, will be held in the Court House, Bloomsburg, Saturday, January 21, 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m.

2Jan. 6. H. V. WHITE, Sec'y.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF GEORGE W. VANNATTA.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, Pa., to distribute proceeds in hands of the Court, arising from sheriff's sale of the real estate of Geo. W. Vannatta, to and among the several creditors entitled thereto, will sit at his office, with C. W. Miller, in Bloomsburg, on Friday, the 27th day of January, 1888, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested must appear and present their claims, or be thereafter debarred from any share of said fund.

A. N. YOST,
Dec30. Auditor.

A Fine Assortment of New

Wedding and Party

Invitations, Cards and Envelopes, Just Received at the

COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

PRICES LOW.

Call and examine samples.

Jan4-tms.

ATHLOPHOROS — PILLS — are a quick, pleasant, safe and sure cure for disordered liver or stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervous or general debility, headache lassitude, diseases of women, &c. Neatly put up 100 for 50c. Athlophoros Remedies are sold by all druggists. Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, the Goddess Clio. Athlophoros Co. 112 Wall St. N.Y.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF SARAH A. ECK, DECEASED.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to distribute the fund in the hands of Joseph H. Eck, adm'r of Sarah A. Eck, as per account filed in Orphans' Court of said county, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in Berwick, Columbia county, on Friday, January 27, 1888 at 9 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested are required to make their claims known, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

C. B. JACKSON,
dec28 Auditor.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Real Estate!

The undersigned, executor of William N. A. Rogers, late of Orange township, deceased, will expose to public sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1888,

at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, to-wit: All that certain messuage and tract of land, situate in Orange township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded as follows: On the north by land of John Kline, on the east by land of Abner Welsh, on the south by lands of D. K. Sloan and Abner Welsh and on the west by lands of D. K. Sloan and Jonathan Poust, containing

72 ACRES,

more or less, whereon are erected a

DWELLING HOUSE,

barn and outbuildings. Good water and fruit trees on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of one-half of the purchase money shall be paid at the striking down of the property; the one-half less the ten per cent. upon taking possession of the premises. Possession may be had at any time from day of sale to 1st of April next. The remaining one-half of the purchase money to be paid on the 1st of April, 1888, with interest from April 1st, 1888, and to be secured by bond and mortgage.

Dec 16. ELIAS REICHARD, Executor.

Schuyler's Hardware.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

In making your selections for holiday presents nothing is appreciated better than an article that is useful. Pretty, useless articles are soon laid to one side and forgotten, but an article of daily use is a constant reminder of the giver. We give below some suggestions from our stock, and cordially invite an inspection, whether you wish to buy or not. For the Mother, Agate Iron ware is always welcome; we have a large assortment, Tea and Coffee pots, Tea Kettles, Dish pans, Wash basins, Stew pans, Kettles, Water buckets, Pudding pans, Drinking cups, Pie plates, Dippers, Spoons, Cake griddles, Batter pails, or a set of fancy Toilet ware, Bird cages large variety, Clothes wringers, Fancy Metal Tea pots, One Minute Coffee pots, Copper Tea Kettles, Nickle plated Kettles, Mrs. Potts Sad irons, scissors, Egg beaters.

RODGERS' Silverware.

Our stock is the largest in this section, consisting of Call bells, Drinking Cups, Pie, Cake, Fruit, Fish, Butter, Dinner, Tea and Carving knives, Nut picks, Button hooks from 3 to 10 inches long. Breakfast, Dinner and Pickle Casters. Butter, Berry and Cake dishes, Cream and Water pitchers, Table, Dessert, Tea, Sugar, Salt and Berry spoons, Spoon holders, Sugar tongs, Napkin rings, Sugar bowls, Syrup cups, Candle sticks.

CUTLERY.

Our line of cutlery deserves special mention. Scissors and Shears of the celebrated Heinisch make put up in sets in handsome cases or singly, pocket knives all kinds and prices, a special line of fine English goods for best trade. Table knives and forks 60c. to $30.00 a doz. in handsome plush satin lined cases or without. Carving sets in great variety, breakfast and dinner carvers from 75c. to $20.00 a set in coaco, rubber, celluloid, Stag bone, ivory, Walrus and pearl handles, put up in handsome plush cases or without. Razors and shaving sets.

THERMOMETERS.

The new circular thermometer five to eight inch dial, price reduced to $2.50, every one warranted. Fishing rods, Fly books, Reels, etc. Guns, Revolvers, Tools for everybody. Sleigh bells.

SKATES! SKATES!

Especially for the holidays, all sizes; the new adjustable all clamp skate is all the go since the price has dropped so low everybody can buy them.

GUNS! GUNS!

We have on hand left from the season's sale a few muzzle and breech loading Guns which we wish to close out this season. No reasonable offer refused; now is your chance for a good gun at a low price.

Yours Resp.
J. R. SCHUYLER & Co,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE

Real Estate!

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, Pa., the undersigned trustee, appointed by said Court for that purpose, will expose to public sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1888,

at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, to wit: All that certain lot or piece of land, situate in the town of Bloomsburg, on the south side of Second or Main street of said town, at the head of Scott Town hill; and bounded on the north by second or Main street, on the east by lot of J. P. Purser's estate, on the south by Bloom alley of said town, and on the west by Pine alley of said town, being sixty-six feet four inches front on said Second or Main street, and two hundred and fourteen feet deep, on which are erected

TWO FRAME DWELLING HOUSES,

frame stable and other outbuildings. All kinds of fruit on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of one-fourth of the purchase money to be paid at the striking down of the property; the one-fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation absolute, and the remaining three-fourths in one year thereafter, with interest from confirmation nisi. Possession to be given April 1, 1888. Deed to be made at the expense of the purchaser. All personal property on the premises reserved.

KNOS JACOBY,
IKELER & HERRING, Attys. Trustee.
December 30, 1887.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE

Real Estate!

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, there will be sold at public sale, on the premises, in Briarcreek township, on

Saturday, January 14, 1888,

at 9 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, late of Stephen Thomas, deceased, viz:

FIRST.—All that certain tract of land, bounded on the north by Rombach's land, on the east and south by G. P. Learn's land, and on the west by public road, leading from the Orangeville road to D. L. & W. R. R., containing

1-4 ACRE,

more or less, and is known as the "school house lot."

SECOND.—A tract of land, bounded on the north by towing path of Penn's Canal, on the east by land of E. Rittenhouse, on the south and west by lands of A. B. Croop, containing

3 ACRES,

more or less.

THIRD.—All that tract, bounded on the north and west by a public road, leading from the Orangeville road to the D. L. & W. R. R., on the south by the D. L. & W. R. R., on the east by land of D. Rombach's estate and land of G. P. Learn, containing

20 ACRES,

more or less, on which are erected a large

BRICK DWELLING,

large barn and outbuildings.

FOURTH.—A tract of land, bounded on the north by towing path of Pennsylvania Canal Co., on the south by Susquehanna river, on the east by land of A. B. Croop, on the west by land of Hicks' heirs, containing

11 ACRES,

more or less, on which are erected a FRAME DWELLING, stable and outbuildings.

The sale will begin at the dwelling house on tract No. 3.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of one-fourth of the purchase money to be paid at the striking down of the property, the one-fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation absolute, and the remaining three-fourths in one year thereafter, with interest from confirmation nisi. Purchaser to pay for making deed.

dec28. C. B. JACKSON, Adm'r.

LICENSE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed with the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Columbia county their petitions for License, which will be presented to the said Court on Monday, the sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1888, at ten o'clock a. m.:

Name.	Twp. or Boro.	Kind of License.
Aurand, Geo & Sons,	Bloomsburg,	Tavern,
Ash & Bro,	Briarcreek,	Distillers,
Berger, R.	Berwick,	Restaurant,
Bakey, James A.	Centralia,	do
Billman, George W,	Conyngham,	Tavern,
Blosser, Jacob	Scott,	do
Boran, Thomas.	Centralia,	Restaurant,
Brennan, M W	do	do
Caldwell, John F	Bloomsburg,	Tavern,
Curry, Daniel F	Centralia,	do
Cole, W B	Beaver,	Distillers,
Collins, Thomas,	Centralia,	Restaurant,
Detterick, Charles H	Hemlock,	Tavern,
Drake, Lemuel	Benton,	do
Edgar, B F & Co	Fishingcreek,	Distillers,
Fairman, Reece	Orange,	Tavern,
Fetterman, Charles	Centralia,	do
Fullmer, A H	Greenwood,	do
Fowler, J H & Co	Pine,	Distillers,
Girton, Jacob L	Bloomsburg,	Tavern,
Gilmore, William H	do	Restaurant,
Gilmore, Frederick M	do	do
Gigger, William	do	Tavern,
Gross, Peter	do	Bottler,
Goldsworthy, John W	Centralia,	Tavern,
Harledine, Samuel	Montour

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., Wall St., N. Y.

The Columbian

BLOOMSBURG, PA

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1888.

CORRECT RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

BLOOMSBURG & SULLIVAN RAILROAD

STATIONS.	SOUTH. Arrive. P. M.	Arrive. A. M.	NORTH. Leave. A. M.	Leave. P. M.
Bloomsburg,	1 55	8 00	8 45	6 40
Main Street	1 44	7 53	8 49	6 43
Irondale	1 41	7 50	9 00	6 45
Paper Mill	1 33	7 40	9 14	6 54
Lightstreet	1 28	7 35	9 22	6 58
Orangeville	1 13	7 23	9 40	7 10
Forks	12 57	7 11	9 58	7 22
Tubbs	12 50	7 08	10 05	7 27
Stillwater	12 43	7 00	10 15	7 33
Benton	12 30	6 50	10 30	7 45
	Leave. P. M.	Leave. A. M.	Arrive. A. M.	Arrive. P. M.

Trains on the P. & R. R. R. leave Rupert as follows:

SOUTH.	SOUTH.
7:27 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
3:37 p. m.	6:04 p. m.

Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. leave Bloomsburg as follows:

SOUTH.	SOUTH.
7:12 a. m.	8:32 a. m.
11:07 a. m.	12:05 p. m.
2:24 p. m.	4:18 p. m.
6:38 p. m.	8:47 p. m.

Trains on the N. & W. B. Railway pass Bloom Ferry as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:46 a. m.	11:54 a. m.
4.26 p. m.	4:19 p. m.
SUNDAY.	
NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:16 a m	8:39 p m

SALES.

JAN. 21.—Enos Jacoby, Trustee of John Jacoby, deceased, will sell valuable real estate, on the premises, in Bloomsburg, at 10 o'clock a. m.

January 7.—Elias Reichard, executor of the estate of Wm. N. A. Rogers, late of Orange township, deceased, will sell valuable real estate on the premises, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Notice of Election.

There will be an election of a Board of Directors of the Bloomsburg Banking Company, to serve for the ensuing year, at their Banking House in Bloomsburg on Tuesday, January 10, 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m.

H. H. GROTZ, Cashier.

Buy Lester's Binghamton Kip Boots. Best made.

Personal.

Engineer Lutz went to Annapolis, Md., last week.

Miss Annie Ent returned from Brooklyn last Friday evening.

F. G. Thorne, Jr., of Philadelphia, visited friends in town last week.

Miss Simon, of Harrisburg, has been visiting Miss Pauline Kester.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Shipley of Cincinnati, recently buried their infant son.

Warren Eyer started south last Friday morning to join an engineer corps at Annapolis, Md.

W. W. Drinker went to Scranton on Wednesday, where he will attend a business college.

Mr. Frank Bertsch of Mauch Chunk, has been visiting his brother, G. W. Bertsch, during the past week.

Miss Dora Marr left last week for Providence, R. I., to take a course in stenography and type writing.

Harry Chemberlin spent the Christmas holidays at this place. He is engaged in business at Bethlehem, Pa.

Dr. D. H. Montgomery of Mifflinville was in town on Tuesday. He is a progressive citizen and believes in free bridges across the river.

Mr. Lloyd P. Zaner, son of John Zaner, started West Wednesday morning. He expects to visit at Columbus, Ohio, and Audubon, Iowa.

Mrs. A. M. Res, Misses Alice and Tillie Res, and W. G. Shoop, all of Danville, Pa., registered at the St. James yesterday.—Jacksonville, Fla., *News-Herald*, Dec. 26.

Mr. A. W. Musgrave returned on Wednesday to Philadelphia, where he is attending the College of Pharmacy. He has been spending the holidays with his parents at Wellsiversville.

The following students spent the Christmas holidays at home: Miss Mildred Knorr, Miss Carrie Jameson, J. C. Reifsnyder, E F. Smith, F. A. Ikeler, F. T. Ikeler, Sam Harman, J. Herring, Matthew McReynolds, Frank Aurand, Lee Harman, Geo. Hassert.

Mr. Lloyd M. Kelchner, of Lightstreet, left Wednesday morning for Delaware, Ohio, where he will be one of the instructors in penmanship in the school in which he was taught the art. Mr. Kelchner seems to have a natural talent and with cultivation will be very successful.

The public schools will open on Monday.

Our fox hunters were out Tuesday, but were not successful.

Every one of the institute lectures last week was largely attended.

The Williamsport toboggan slide was put in operation last week.

The Montour county teachers' institute was held at Danville last week.

Go to L. Viereck's Shaving and Hair cutting saloon. Twelve shaves for $1. 6w

Christmas comes this year on Tuesday, skipping Monday because it is leap year.

Particular attention given to Ladies' and Childrens' Hair cutting at Louis Viereck's.

Many handsome calendars have been issued for 1888 by large business firms all over the country.

Quite a number of country weeklies enjoyed the holiday season last week by not publishing a paper.

G. S. Herring's dwelling on North Main street is fast nearing completion, and looks better with each day's progress.

Ent Post, 250, G. A. R. will have a public installation of officers at 7 o'clock Friday evening, Jan. 6. All are invited.

A sleighing party of young people from Danville came up here Tuesday night and spent the evening at the Exchange Hotel.

The Normal school opened Tuesday morning. Newly arrived students were to be seen passing up Main street all day.

Street Commissioner Billmeyer, is busy laying sewer pipe up East street from Sixth. He has a large force of workmen.

Wm. Kramer has bought the Chemberlin property on upper Main street for $3,000 from the executors of John M. Chemberlin.

We are better prepared than ever before to do printing, and we propose to make the printing business hum this year. Bring in your orders.

It is now I. W. Hartman & Sons, Robert E. Hartman having gone into the firm on Monday. They are among our foremost business men.

Seventeen years experience in the Barber business. Am prepared to please the most fastidious. Clean towels, and twelve shaves for $1 at Louis Viereck's. Jan6-6w.

Throw salt or ashes on your pavements if you cannot get the ice off in any other way. Soiled doorsteps and carpets are preferable to broken limbs.

Col. Freeze received a postal card, mailed at Shenandoah, and very carefully addressed, but upon which the sender had forgotten to write his message.

Fodder cutters and crushers, also a full line of bob sleds.

WHITE, CONNER & SLOAN,
dec9tf Orangeville, Pa.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, the celebrated amatuer actress who made her debut in London a short time ago as a professional, played "Romeo and Juliet" in Wilkesbarre last week.

Mr. James Cadman and family removed, the fore part of this week, from Main street to the house formerly occupied by Mr. Rosenstock, on the corner of East and Third streets.

Great hopes of good sleighing were raised in the minds of many by the snow that fell thick and fast all day Saturday, but they were dashed to earth by the rain that succeeded it.

A gospel mass meeting will be held in the Opera House on Sunday afternoon, January 8th, at 3 o'clock. Rev. Thomas Needham will conduct the services. Everybody will be welcomed.

The old democratic court crier of Northampton county, who has held the office for twenty-one years, was, a few days ago, removed, by the two new republican judges. That is civil service reform, don't you see?

We are glad to note that some of our readers are appreciating the column devoted to the International Sunday School lesson. We hope all our readers may become interested. It will be a valuable assistant to Sunday School teachers.

A masquerade ball was given at Music Hall last Monday evening and was well attended. There were a large number present from Danville as well as from town. Dancing was kept up until a late hour. Metherells orchestra furnished the music.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Benton for month ending Dec. 31, 1887.

W. C. Halliford, Mr. J. R. Hess.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."

ELLA E. APPLEMAN, P. M.

A handsomely carved super-altar, brass rod and dosel were placed in the chancel of the Episcopal church on Christmas. They were the gifts of Miss Sarah Chase of Boston, Mass., a niece of Rev. W. C. Leverett's. The dosel is of crimson plush, and the entire effect is very beautiful.

It will soon be time for attorneys who have cases in the Supreme Court to have their paper books printed. If all put it off until the last moment it will be difficult for the printers to do the work in time. The COLUMBIAN office can turn them out at the rate of sixteen pages a day, if necessary.

Communion services will be held in the Evangelical church, on next Sunday morning by Rev. M. J. Carothers of Milton. He will also preach on Saturday evening, Sunday morning and Sunday evening. All are cordially invited.

REV. J. F. SHULTZ, Pastor.

An accident occured Monday on Main street in front of I. W. McKelvy's store that might have resulted more seriously than it did. A horse attached to a sleigh belonging to Chas. Werkheiser of Buckhorn, slipped and fell down. Fortunately, no damage was done beyond breaking the shafts of the sleigh.

Dr. T. C. Harter, who has been visiting the different medical institutions in several states, during the last year, is home spending the holidays. He has become noted for the successful treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. He expects to spend the winter in New York and return in the spring to practice his profession in Bloomsburg.

Messrs. White, Conner & Sloan, proprietors of the Orangeville Agricultural Works, speak well of their business during the past year. Their thresher and separator has a wide reputation and the sales increasing from year to year. Our farmers can not do better than patronize them for their machines are first-class.

A surprise party was given Mr. and Mrs. J. Cadman Friday evening of last week at their former home on upper Main street. The evening was spent in dancing, which was kept up until a late hour; a stop being made only for refreshments. The dancing was done in the rooms on the first floor, formerly occupied by Mr. Cadman as a furniture store. All present enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Bloomsburg for week ending Jan. 4, 1888:

Jackson Davis, Miss Maggie Fawber, Mr. L. E. Fry, Mr. Hiram S. Girton Ed. Lerch, John Roat, Samuel Stratton, Mr. W. E. Smith, Rev. J. F. Shultz, E. Treat, Chas. Whitenight.

CARDS.

George Ginter.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."

GEORGE A. CLARK, P. M.

The number of applicants for license is fifteen less this year than last. The high license is probably the cause of it. While the number is thus reduced, the revenue to the County is far in excess. The revenue from all applicants last year was $3750.00: while this year it aggregates $7350 00. There are thirty-three applicants from Bloomsburg, Berwick and Centralia, leaving only thirty-two for the balance of the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Fleckenstine of Orangeville celebrated their golden wedding on December 28. There were present many guests, including seven children, Joseph, George, Jacob, William, Mrs. Samuel Hidlay, Mrs. W. H. Snyder, and Mrs. G. W. Bertsch. There were also some grandchildren, and two great grandchildren. Numerous beautiful gifts were bestowed upon Mr. and Mrs. Fleckenstine, and the day was a happy one

The Welsh Prize Singers gave their concert at the Opera House last Monday evening to a much smaller audience than they deserved. A two part program was well carried out. Both the chorus singing and solos, duets and quartettes were very prettily rendered. The harp playing of Mr. Walter T. Barker, who also presided at the piano, was an excellent feature of the program. He is an artist of great ability, and his selections were both finely rendered and well received by the audience.

The whole entertainment was a very enjoyable one and should have had a large attendance.

Speaking of the appointment of Ex-Superintendent Wolverton of Northumberland county as principal of the public schools of this place the Milton *Argus* says: The above appointment will be hailed with much pleasure by the friends of Professor Wolverton. His duties as Superintendent for this county for three terms gave great satisfaction. He is a fine educator, and will carry to the people of Bloomsburg an abundance of learning which the experience of years enables him to impart to others. We shall regret to see him leave Milton and trust that he may meet with the same favor among our neighbors as he has here.

Mr. R. L. F. Colley died last Sunday morning at his home on lower Main street, after an illness of only a few days. He was taken ill on Wednesday, with pleurisy, and lingered only until Sunday morning about six o'clock, when he passed away. The deceased was aged about sixty-four years, and leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss. Services were held at the house on Tuesday morning, and the remains were taken by the morning train on the H. & S. road to Benton, where the funeral sermon was preached at the Christian church by Rev. D. M. Kinter, and the remains interred in the cemetery there. The widow and children have the sympathy of the community.

During the year 1885 the number of jobs of printing done at this office was the largest within the knowledge of the present owners, and we may safely say larger than any previous year since the establishment of the paper, or any of its predecessors. In 1886 the number of jobs done was one hundred greater than 1885, and during the past year, 1887, it was fifty more than 1886. This may not be of any interest to any one but ourselves, but it shows the steady and constant growth of our trade in the face of strong competition. This we attribute to the fact that our facilities for doing all kinds of printing are unexcelled, and the workmanship and prices are satisfactory to our patrons. We guarantee satisfaction on all our work.

At the residence of Mrs. R. A. Snyder, on December 20th, a very pleasant affair took place in the marriage of Mr. George W. Kitchen of Millville and Miss Ada L. Beers, of Mordansville. A number of guests had been invited, and the party assembled at 9 o'clock a. m. The bride and groom were united in holy wedlock by Rev. A. B. Hooven of Orangeville. After the congratulations had been extended, refreshments were served up in good style, and all partook of them with relish. A pleasant exchange of social greeting followed, and the happy couple started on a short trip, bearing with them the best wishes of all present. A number of valuable presents were given by the friends, accompanied by their unanimous wish that the future of the new couple might be one of unbounded success and happiness.

A. GUEST.

Mr. J. K. Lockard has submitted plans to mechanics for the construction of his new brick building on corner of Main and Centre street. Work will be commenced about April 1st. The main part of the old frame building has been purchased by Mr. Clark and will be moved across the street. The new building will be a three story brick. The front will be of different architecture from any of our present buildings. The first story front will have galvanized iron columns. The second and third story fronts will be heavily coped with brownstone. Mr. Lockard has some thought of of finishing the second story into rooms suitable for small families, who wish to board at hotels and the prefer private rooms. He has had several applications for such rooms, and will determine as the building progresses, by the applications received. The building will be 29 feet wide and 86 feet deep.

The new year was ushered in as usual last Saturday night by the ringing of church bells, tooting of horns, etc. Watch meetings were held in several of the churches. The noise on the streets was not as loud as usual, on account of the rain that fell all night and continued all day Sunday, taking away nearly all the snow that had fallen Saturday. The water overflowed the pavements and in some places was more than an inch in depth, causing very sloppy walking and preventing many from attending church during the day. Sunday night it began to grow colder and continued to do so, until by noon Monday it was exceedingly cold. A strong wind blew all Monday afternoon, making it much colder. Quite a number took advantage of the snow still on the ground to go sleigh-riding Monday, but the snow had been nearly all taken away by the steady rain, and the sleighing was rather poor, except in places where the ground was covered with ice, where sleighs slipped along smoothly. The cold weather, too, was rather sharp for pleasant sleighing. In town, the banks and postoffice were closed, but nearly all the business places were open all day long. Very few New Year calls were made. This custom, however, has not been generally observed on previous years. In the evening the Welsh Prize Singers gave an entertainment in the Opera House, which was not largely attended. There was very little drunkenness in town either on New Year's eve or on Monday.

A Narrow Escape.

Monday morning small boys were coasting on Centre street above Main. Chris, a young son of Chas. E. Riece, got on his sled at the top of the hill. Lying flat upon the sled he began the descent. A gentleman and lady were coming up Main street with horse and buggy, driving leisurely. The sled coming with such rapidity could not be stopped, and darted under the horse The horse began jumpiug and kicking, and stepped closely beside the boy completely demolishing the sled. The front wheel of the wagon ran over the boy, when he was taken out between the wheels, with a few bruises. It was a miraculous escape, and should be a lesson to parents, to keep their children off the hills leading across our streets. The officers of the town should see that our ordinances are enforced.

This is Good Enough.

Mr. C. E. Bartholomew, Kalkaska, Mich., says: "I owe my life solely to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. I had liver and kidney disease, and for five years was unable to go about. I am now well, and can do a man's work on my farm. I shall always hold up both hands for Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Price $1.08 a bottle; six for $5. (dec23d4t

Buy Lester's Binghamton Kip Boots. Best made.

Away from the eyes, away from the mind Do away with impure blood, and the evidence of ill health will soon disappear. Use Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and secure pure blood and good health. The largest bottle in the market. 150 doses for $1.00

Ikelertown.

Where is it? It is on the main road up the creek, about a mile below Stillwater. Much of the land in sight once belonged to William Ikeler. He sold several building lots and laid out a little town, and though he was unfortunate, and all his fine property went out of his hands before his death, yet, in memory, of the old gentleman, we call it Ikelertown. It is made up of eight dwelling houses and their accompaniments, together, with a planing mill where T. H Edgar is doing a fine business.

There is no part of the valley, that I know of, that affords more diversity of scenery, or a more beautiful landscape. On the east of us, and close by, the ridge rises abruptly and forms an almost perpendicular ledge of rocks for some distance, then it is broken into rugged points by deep ravines that cut through it. Down one of these a little stream dashes and supplies a tank, out of which, the "Iron Horse" is watered every day. The R. R. is built along the base of the ridge, and the waters of our far famed Fishingcreek, now quietly, then spreading into a wider space, ripple over their rocky bed. These naked rocks, this broken ridge, a train of cars, that leaves behind it a cloud of melting vapor, make a scene not everywhere found. Looking North and West we have a view, though not so romantic as the other, is beautiful. A number of fine farms are in sight the fields of some of which ascend gently from the bottom lands until they almost reach the tops of the western ridge. Fine rural homes also, are in view, among them the late residence of the much lamented Silas McHenry, of Daniel McHenry, of Judge C. B. McHenry, Stott R. McHenry, Henry Kelchner and others. And here, on an eminence, stands the unique little church, where the Christian Congregation meet every Lord's day for the work of the Sundayschool and the worship of God. This to me, is the most interesting spot in the whole landscape. Forty-seven years ago I was active in the erection, on this spot, of the first house of worship in three adjoining towaships; there too, lie the most of the old people, of this part of the valley, who have departed this life, and though I am not a native of this place, nor akin to these old people yet I remember them gratefully, for when I was a stranger they took me in; when I was hungry they fed me, and their social and religious lives were intimately connected with my early manhood. Being mostly farmers, a quotation from the "Farmer's Elegy," by Lord, will apply here.

On a green grassy knoll on the banks of the brook,
That so long, and so often, had watered his stock,
The old farmer rests in his long, last sleep,
And the low, lapsing waters a lullaby keep.
The flowers in beauty may bloom on the spot,
The birds may be singing, he heedeth them not:
For he has plowed his last furrow and reaped his last grain;
No morning shall wake him to labor again.

Dec. 29, 1887. JOHN SUTTON.

Farmer's Institute.

The following is the programme of the Farmers' Institute and General Farmers' Convention, to be held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, in accordance with an Act of the Legislature, in the Free Church, Millville, Columbia County, Penn'a, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, January 11, 12 and 13, 1888.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—CALL TO ORDER AT 1:30 p. m.

ORGANIZATION.

Opening Exercises. Essays & Discussions.

1. "Pure Bred Poultry"—by W. B. German, Millville, Pa.
2. "Stock Raising for Profit"—by Thos. L. Clapp, Member of State Board of Agriculture, Limestoneville, Pa.
3. "How can the farmer make the most money out of his Domestic Animals?"—by Col. John Jameson, Bloomsburg, Pa.
4. "Facts Learned in the Department of hygiene and food inspection"—by Dr. Henry Leffman, inspector, Philadelphia, Pa.

WEDNESDAY EVE.—Call to Order at 7:15 p. m

1. Music.
2. Illustrated Lecture—Dr. Henry Leffmann, Microscopist and Food Inspector of the Board, will deliver an Illustrated Lecture on "The Causes of Disease."

Admission free. Lecture to commence at 7:30 p. m.

THUR. MORNING.—Call to Order at 9:30 a. m.

1. "Value and Advantage of the Creamery to the Farmer"—by John Hoffa, Member of State Board of Agriculture, Milton, Pa.
2. "Dairying in Columbia County"—by A. P. Young, Millville, Pa.
3. "How shall we increase the profits of our Dairy Products?.—by Morton Decker, Manufacturer of Gilt Edged Butter and Wholesale Cream Dealer, East Stroudsburg, Monroe County, Pa.
4. "Grain for Farm and Market"—by H. V. White, Secretary of Columbia County Agricultural Society, Bloomsburg, Pa.

THUR. AFTER.—Call to Order at 1:30 p. m.

1. "Pleasure and Profit of Bee Keeping"—by H. H. Brown, Light Street, Pa.
2. "Care of the Honey Bee during the Winter and Spring"—by W. G. Follmer, Milton, Pa.
3. Illustrated Lecture on the "Reproduction of the Honey Bee"—by G. G. Groff, Professor of Natural History, Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
4. "Wintering Bees—The Best Way"—by William McEwen, Millville, Pa.
5. "Grapes, and how to grow them"—by J. R. Townsend, Bloomsburg, Pa.

THURSDAY EVE.—Call to Order at 7:15 p. m.

1. Music.
2. Address—by Dr. Elwood Harvey, Member of State Board of Agriculture, Chester, Pa.—Subject: "The Near Future of Farming Interest."

Adm. free. Lecture to commence at 7:30 p.m

FRIDAY MORN.—Call to Order at 7:30 p. m.

1. "Principles of Fertilization"—by William Frear, Ph. D. Agricultural Chemist, State College, Centre county, Pa.
2. "Lime vs. Phospate"—by Moses Bond, Turbotville, Pa.
3. "Experiments with Commercial Fertilizers"—by John A. Gundy, Member of State Board of Agriculture, Lewisburg, Pa.
4. Answer to Question Relating to Fertilizers—by Thomas J. Edge, Secretary of State Board of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa.
5. "Fruit Culture as a Specialty"—W. Voris, Pottsgrove, Pa.

FRIDAY AFT.—Call to Order at 1:30 p. m.

1. Music.
2. "The Home and the Household"—by G. W. Henrie, Millville, Pa.
3. "Adornment of Farmers' Homes"—by Winthrop Bryfogle, Bloomsburg, Pa.
4. "Choose Ye"—Miss Amelia Armstong, Bloomsburg, Pa.
5. Subject to be selected—by E. H. Cutler, Principle of the Friends' School, at Millville, Pa.

FRIDAY EVE.—Call to Order at 7:15 p. m.

1. Music.
2. Address—by E. R. Ikeler, Esq., of Bloomsburg, Pa.—Subject: "A Plea for Planters."

Adm. free. Lecture to com. at 7:30 p. m.

For Piles, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Sore throat, Stiff Neck, Pond's Extract is an invaluable remedy. Neuralgia and Rheumatism, and many other ills alike in character and any external or internal Inflammations or Bleedings, yield quickly to its magic influence. Pond's extract is sold everywhere. Avoid imitations.

CHARLES B. BROCKWAY.

Captain Charles B. Brockway died at his home on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock, after an illness of several weeks. He had been in failing health for some time, and his death was not unexpected.

He was born in this county April 1, 1840. At the age of ten years, he commenced driving a team on the canal during the summer months and in winter hired out his services as best he could, sometimes on the repairs of the canal, sometimes in the family of some prominent citizen. At the age of fifteen he filled the position of weighmaster on the canal at Beach Haven.

In 1858 he was appointed chief clerk in the Attorney General's office at Harrisburg, where he remained until Mr. Buckalew's appointment as Minister Resident at Quito, Ecuador, whom he accompanied in the capacity of private secretary. During his stay in that country he mastered the Spanish language, became familiar with the geography and topography of the country, the manners and habits of the people to a surprising degree, as manifested in his correspondence with Eastern magazines over the signature of "Quien babe" (who knows.)

On his return from Spain he taught school one winter, and then entered the office of E H. Little, Esq., to study the legal profession.

In 1861, when the war commenced, he was mustered into Company A, 6th P. R. V. C., (the Iron Guards) and was elected Sergeant. He afterward enlisted as a private in the three years service, and was mustered into Battery F, First Pennsylvania Light Artillery, then commanded by Captain Matthews, and afterward by Col. Ricketts. In this organization he soon became a Sergeant. The battery was at first attached to the Reserve Corps at Tenallytown, but soon after was detatched and ordered to Bank's command at Darnestown, Maryland. Here a section of Parrott guns was added to the battery, and immediately after it was ordered to Williamsport, Maryland. Captain Matthews being short of officers, applied to Governor Curtin for an order for election to fill the vacancy, which was made. Captain Brockway was unanimously elected, and at once took command of the section.

He made himself a high reputation as a brave officer. Col. Bryan's official report of Bull Run says:

"Lieut. Brockway, with the other officers captured, was marched on foot to the Rapidan River, and from thence was conveyed to Libby Prison, as one of Pope's felons, where he remained until exchanged. He was a prisoner when Antietam was fought, and it was the only engagement of the war he missed in which his Battery participated. At Fredericksburg it held an important position, covering the lower pontoon bridge, and was subject to a heavy fire."

The Battery participated in all the other battles of the Campaign, and distinguished itself at Spottsylvania, North Anna River, the Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, and the various fights in front of Petersburg.

Soon after reaching Petersburg Capt. Brockway was appointed Assistant Chief of Artillery to Gen. Hazzard, then on Gen. Hancock's Staff as Chief of Artillery of the Second Corps. This position he held until after the Mine explosion, when he was attacked with typhoid fever, brought on by over exertion, and was first granted a leave of absence, and then sent to the Hospital at Annapolis.

His health continuing feeble he felt compelled to resign after three years and nearly eight months continuous service. Subsequently, Gov. Curtin commissioned him Captain of his old Battery. For gallant and meritorious conduct at Bull Run, he was also breveted Captain.

After the close of the war he finished his studies, and was admitted to the bar where he developed marked ability. In 1870 he was the Democratic nominee for Congress in this district, then strongly Republican, and was defeated by Ulysses Mercer by only 124 votes. He represented this county in the State Legislature in 1871-2-3. In 1807 he became associated with Col. Freeze in publishing THE COLUMBIAN, and subsequently became sole owner. In September 1874 he formed a law partnership with Geo. E Elwell, and in October 1875 they purchased THE COLUMBIAN and conducted it for years. Since October 1879, Mr. Brockway has attended to his law practice.

Mrs. Brockway and three daughters survive him. The funeral will take place at the house this Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and will be conducted by Ent Post G. A. R. The members of the Bar will attend in a body.

Death of Wm. Brown.

Mr. Wm. Brown, a former resident of his town, died suddenly at Pottsgrove Thursday of last week, of pneumonia. He had a severe cough for several days preceding, but did not think it serious enough to call in a physician. Thursday he was sitting on a sofa, with his head reclining on a chair, to get relief from coughing; he attempted to lie down on the sofa and expired without a word of warning. He was 46 years of age. His body was interred at Milton Saturday. Mr. Brown was a brother-in-law of our townsman, Mr. C. E. Savage. He was in the grocery business in this place for a number of years.

Winona Reception.

The Seventh Winona Reception was given at the Exchange Hotel on Friday night December 50. Dancing began in the dining room at about ten o'clock and continued until five in the morning with an intermission for supper. The music was furnished by Henry's orchestra of Sunbury, and consisted of seven pieces. It was very good. The supper was excellent and embraced all the delicacies of the season. The costumes of the ladies were beautiful, and most of the gentlemen were in full evening dress. Forty-three couples were present. The following named persons from out of town were in attendance:

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Coughlin, Milford, N. J.; Mrs. J. J. Leiter, Helena, Montana; Miss Kate Price, Edington, Pa; Misses Jennie and Sara Moody, Miss Jessie Mann, Sunbury; Miss Mary Fairchild, Montandon; Miss Mame Simon, Harrisburg; Misses Nellie and May Dean, Danville; Mr. W. E. Renshaw, Plymouth; Mr. H. B. Hughes, Pittston; Mr. J. J. VanOrt, Scranton; Miss Evans, Mr. A. M. Freas, Mr. Thos. Hanly, Berwick; Mr. J. C. Wiegand, Mr. Joe Stone, Hazleton; Mr. F. G. Thorne Jr., Philadelphia; Mr. Frank Forsman, Williamsport; Mr. M. Bruner, Muncy, Mr. Ira Speaker, Lewisburg; Mr. Frank Bertsch, Mauch Chunk.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York. nc nov256m

Dr. Kilmer & Co., of Binghamton, N. Y., are now working a night and day force to supply the druggists' orders for their Swamp-Root Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.—*Binghamton Daily Republican.* (23d4t.

County Institute.

The annual convention of the teachers of Columbia county assembled in the Opera House, this town, on Monday Dec. 26th, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Superintendent Grimes having called the Institute to order, Rev. W. C. Leverett conducted the devotional exercises by reading a portion of the scriptures and offering a prayer.

Rev. D. J. Waller, Sr., was then introduced, who welcomed the teachers in a few pertinent remarks, after which all were entertained with music.

The committee on arrangements reported the following officers who were immediately elected by the Institute: President, Prof. Grimes; Vice-President, H. G. Clark; Secretary, I. H. Winter; Treasurer, J. S. Kline, and Door-keeper, Mr. Grotz.

J. C. Brown and Prof. Wilbur then responded to Rev. Waller's address in short but very interesting addresses. After which music appropriate for this season—"Silently Falling Snow."

"The Dignity of Common Schools" was then ably discussed by Prof. Clark, principal of the Berwick schools.

Dr. Waller followed in an address on "Primary Physiology." The Dr. gave the following necessary conditional principles:

1. "Teachers should have a clear conception of the object of the study—the promotion of the physical well-being of the community and especially of the children.
2. Should understand the mental state of those with whom you are dealing. Should cultivate the senses, which are the gate-ways from the external world to the mind.
3. "Must believe what you wish to teach."

Music—"Thoughts of Wonder."

Prof. Grimes then announced that the institute would be divided for the morning sessions—the primary teachers to report in the Third Street school building and all others in the Opera House.

After a few remarks by Dr. Waller and Prof. Grimes concerning the evening lectures, the Institute sang the "Long Metre Doxology" and dismissed for the day.

TUESDAY MORNING.

The exercises of the day were opened by singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name;" and reading of scripture and prayer by Rev. Manhart.

Prof. Neff, the first speaker, introduced the subject of "Reading," which underlies everything. "In teaching reading you are teaching every subject. Reading aloud is no test as to whether you have the thought—it is not necessary to give it in the language of the book. If pupils have thought they will give proper gesture. Therefore, gestures need not be taught."

After singing, Mr. Curry gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the subject of "History."

Mr. W. C. Johnston next spoke on the subject "How to Improve our Public Schools?" followed by music and a short intermission.

When Institute was called to order again Prof. Neff continued the subject of reading. "We get thought from sentence and language—develop sentence by coming in contact with that which is to be impressed."

Dr. Waller then discussed the subject of "Self Education." "No one is too old to begin—No one will ever become educated merely by the use of a hand book—If you wish to become proficient in any branch, it is necessary to develop power in that direction.

TUESDAY P. M.

After singing several selections, Mr. McHenry, director from Berwick, read a paper on "School Government."

Prof. Welsh, teacher in the West Chester State Normal School, followed in an address on "Letter Writing," as it should be taught in our schools.

Dr. L. B. Kline next read a paper on "Supplementary Reading." He stated "that newspapers, journals, etc., should be taken and used as supplementary reading. These should be secured by appropitation from School Board, or by contributions from pupils,

Prof. Neff then gave a class drill, the object of which was to show that a pupil may be able to pronounce all the words, even read with a fair degree of fluency, and yet be losing the benefit that should be derived from every reading lesson. The Professor was followed by Dr. Winship, who showed how important it is that the teacher should understand that upon which he operates. Adjourned to Wednesday a. m.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

After the usual opening exercises, Prof. Neff continued the subject of "Reading." "If the pupils are able to get the thought, good oral impression will follow as a cause from an effect.—The whole responsibility of starting the pupils right, rests on the primary teacher; for if started correctly nothing afterward can spoil the child.—Reading is the foundation upon which all other branches rest.—Mistakes will have to be passed as correcting takes the child's mind from the thought.—Teachers should not teach the pronunciation they do not use themselves.—Much of the trouble is caused by going too fast. Reading is all done in the mind—pupils should not read orally until they can do so without thinking of the words; if the words are thought of, the thought will be lost.

Singing.—"Twilight is Stealing."

Supt. W. S. Monroe then took up the subject of Language. "Too often children not understanding the thought of the problem lose it.—Children delight in the power of expressing themselves.—Teachers should be good story-tellers.—Teach the children to paragraph without knowing it.—Do not allow carelessness—take interesting subjects. Teacher should keep scrap book and save everything which would answer for a language lesson. Books of fables have an excellent effect—take something instructive as well as interesting. Avoid use of text books. Keep a list of common errors and impress them at the proper time. When children are too young to write, cultivate oral expression—language should be begun very early."

Dr. Winship then spoke on School Discipline. "An element of weakness in discipline when you wish to hold attention is, you must get your pupils close to you when you can not command attention at a distance. To scold is an element of weakness—the voice scolds, not the words. The teacher needs elocutionary training in the highest degree. A teacher needs a mild, firm and penetrating voice. A teacher ought always to smile a genuine smile, not a sickly, sentimental or a grim smile. To be a successful elocutionist, the whole face must vibrate with feeling. There is as much force in the glow of the forehead as in the smile. It requires more work to hold little children to their work than to hold older children."

Mr. A. M. Freas read a paper on Civil Government. He says "the subject is very practical and yet not known by the masses. Men are being elected to Congress who are ignorant of the Nation's wants. The place to teach Civil Government is in the common schools, not in college; for in the common schools the masses can be reached. The subject should first be taken up as a whole and the pupil be taught to get the why and wherefore. Civil Government should be made a requisite, and put on an equal with the other branches."

The next speaker not having arrived, Prof. Clark and Mr. Curry made short addresses emphasizing what was said by Mr. Freas.

After music and a short recess, Prof. Neff gave an interesting talk on criticising. "To know how to criticise is one of utmost importance—the object is to remove the cause."

Institute adjourned to 2 p. m.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

After singing by the Institute, Mr. Moyer, principal of the Kingston schools, gave an interesting and instructive talk on supplementary reading.

Dr. Winship then gave a short talk on addition, after which he discussed the subject of school government, emphasizing what he said in the forenoon.

Prof. Neff then talked on Phonetics, after which a pupil from the high school of this town favored the Institute with a well rendered solo.

Miss Gule was then introduced, who talked on reading. "Pupils have books above their ability. Put suitable work on board or on printed slips—making reading a talking exercise. All difficult words should be pronounced and defined before read."

Institute adjourned.

THURSDAY MORNING.

After singing, reading of the scripture and prayer, Dr. Brooks delivered an address on the nature and culture of the mind.

Prof. Frye of Cambridge, Mass., was then introduced who spoke on Geography. After giving the history of the science, he showed how the subject should be taught.

Dr. Winship spoke on the cultivation of the memory.

Mr. Kline, teacher in the Berwick schools, gave an interesting talk on Friday afternoon rhetorical exercises. Institute adjourned.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The Institute sang several selections, after which Dr. Waller, Jr., talked on school manners. Pupils should be taught to be neat in dress and person. No one need indulge in the offensive habit of spitting. Attention should be given to sitting and walking. Lead pupils to see that whatever they wish to be they can be.

Dr. Brooks then delivered a lecture on the Imagination, the whole of which was intensely interesting.

After music by the Institute, Miss Gule gave a recitation which was well rendered.

Prof. Bevan made a short address.

After some remarks by Dr. Waller, Profs. Monroe and Wolverton concerning the evening lecture, the Institute adjourned.

FRIDAY MORNING.

After music, reading of scripture and prayer by Dr. Waller, Jr., Prof. Harkens addressed the Institute on composition writing. Pupils study a few branches which are of no more importance than other branches which are not taught. Pupils who are proficient in some branches are deficient in the use of words and in language. Composition writing aids greatly to cultivate the mind Teachers should give necessary information on the subject,

Prof. Frye continued the subject of Geography. No time can be set as to when a child should study the globe. It depends upon the child's mind. You should teach the globe before the continent.

Dr. Waller, the next speaker, talked on advanced reading. Reading, like talking, consists in the oral expression of thought. A correct utterance is not the object of reading. Pupils may observe punctuation marks and give proper pronunciation but this is not all. He must understand and appreciate.

After singing by the Institute Dr. Brooks talked on the use

Hope for Consumptives.

A NEW THEORY OF THE DREAD DISEASE WHICH SEEMS VERY SENSIBLE.

In fifty per cent. of the cases, consumption is only the symptom of some other disease!

The disease, in such cases, cannot be cured until the cause whatever it is, is removed.

More than half the victims of consumption have albumen in the water.

"What does this indicate?"

Albumen cannot appear in what escapes from the body, if the organs which take the water from the blood are healthy.

We drink water in large quantities every day. This water goes through the body and washes away the waste matter and decay of the system, and takes it to the kidneys. If these organs are healthy, this waste in solution in the water is removed by them. If not, the natural action is *reversed*, and instead of removing the waste, that poisonous stuff remains in the blood, but the real life-giving element or the albumen escapes.

Fancy the effect!

This uric acid waste is a rank poison, and attacks the weakest organ first. The Brompton Hospital of London, England, shows in its reports that over 52 per cent. of the victims of consumption are really victims of kidney disease the lung trouble, being shown by the presence of albumen in the blood, to be but the indication of kidney derangement. The real cause of pulmonary troubles being so authoritatively shown to be faulty, even though unsuspected action of the kidneys, explains why, in order to master the dreaded consumption, one must rid the blood of the uric acid irritant, which inflames and burns up the lung substance. For this purpose there is nothing equal to that great specific, Warner's safe cure. This remedy has won the favor of medical men all over the world, purely on its merits. We have no doubt that if the kidneys are kept in natural action, consumption and a great many other diseases, caused by uric acid, will not only be cured, but will be prevented.

J. W. Westlake, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, had a sister residing in Michigan who was thought surely to be going with consumption. She took ten bottles of Warner's safe cure, which he sent her, and he says: "That was the last I heard of her consumption." Thousands of such cases are developed every day.

Dip your finger in acid every day, and it soon festers and is destroyed. Send acid-poisoned blood through the lungs every second and they soon give way.

This, then, is the condition of things that always precedes consumption: First, weakened kidneys; second, retained uric acid, poisoning the blood; the development of disease in the lungs by the irritant acids passing through them. Then there is a little cough in the morning; soon thick yellow matter is spit up, followed by loss of flesh and strength with dreadful night sweats; and when the patient goes to his school physician for help he is put on cod liver oil; which his stomach, weakened also by uric acid in the blood, cannot digest. Because there is no pain present in the kidneys, the patient does not think they are affected, but the kidney acid is doing its work every minute, every hour, day and night, and by and by the disease of the lungs has advanced until pus is developed, then comes hemorrhages, and at last the glassy stare of the eyes, which denote that the end is near.

A post-mortem examination of such cases shows that the terrible uric acid has completely destroyed the substance of the lung.

It is impossible to cure lung diseases, when the blood is poisoned with uric acid.

Postal Regulations.

RULES RECENTLY ISSUED WHICH ARE IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.

In reply to numerous inquiries, and for the information of the public, Postmaster Harrity of Philadelphia has issued a circular, drawing attention to the infringement of the act in the transmission of second and third class matter. It points out that:

Mailable matter of the second class must contain no writing, printing, mark or sign in addition to the original print, except: The name and address of the person to whom it is intended to be conveyed by post; index figures of subscription book (in print or writing); the printed title of the publication; the printed name and address, but not the business or occupation of the publisher or sender, except where the business is indicated in the legal name of an incorporated company. Written or printed words or figures, or both, indicating the date on which subscription to such matter will end; also figures indicating the number of copies furnished to the subscriber. Return requests; any article or item in any newspaper or publication may be marked for observation, except by written or printed words, without increase of postage; bills, receipts and orders for subscriptions thereto (printed or written) in such form as to convey no other information than the name, location and subscription price of the publications to which they refer, may be enclosed in publications of the second class; bonafide supplements may be enclosed with the particular issues of second class publications which they supplement; the words "Sample Copy" must be either written or printed on the wrapper of every sample copy sent through the mails by a publisher.

In the transmission of third class matter there may be written or printed upon third class matter or upon the wrapper or envelope in which the matter is enclosed: The name and address of the sender, but not his business or occupation. Legal names of incorporated companies and institutions are permissible even when indicative of the sender's business.

The name, address and occupation of addresses are allowed in all cases; simple marks intended to designate a word or passage of the text to which it is desired to call attention; a simple dedication or inscription that does not partake of the nature of a personal correspondence; the words "personal" or "to be called for" and return requests; (in circulars) dates, addresses, signatures and corrections of mere typographical errors. The date here meant is the date of the circular, not the date on which something is therein acknowledged to be received. The word 'patent" or "patented" followed by the date of the patent, when the article sent is enclosed in a patented envelope or wrapper or has a patented tag attached thereto.

It is not permissible to write or print upon matter of the third class nor upon the envelope or wrapper enclosing the same: The name, nature or quantity of the article enclosed, as "books," "magazines," "music," engravings," etc., or shipping directions, as "by mail," etc., etc., the name of a patented envelope, wrapper or tag or of its patentee, or any writing or printing whatever other than as heretofore named as permitted. All reference, therefore, either written or printed, on the cover of third class matter to the occupation or business of the sender and all advertisements cuts or engravings will subject the matter to letter rate of postage.

Atlantic in Midwinter.

A RESTFUL AND QUIET CITY BY THE WAVES.

The hoarse roar of the surf dashing upon the smooth sand, the sighing of the wind as its eddies through tenantless booths and pavilions, and the quick step of the pedestrian along an almost deserted plank-walk—these are the sounds that distinguish the Atlantic City of December from the great playground of July. The shrill music of merry-go-rounds, the loud-calls of hurried waiters as they rush to and fro bearing cooling beverages, the appeals of dealers in sea shells, the cries of children at play, and the surge of crowds—these are the sounds that are now remembered as but an echo of the past season, and they are thought of only as what will be heard in the dog days of 1888.

Those who have visited Atlantic City only in the Summer have seen but half its beauties. They have seen swarms of people on the beach and in the streets, the hotel parlors, billiard rooms and corridors crowded with cots, a stir and a bustle everywhere, and several thousand men and women bathing, moving, talking all day, and hugging the delusion that they are getting a well-earned rest. All this is changed in December There are few on the beach, and abundant room in the hotels for all who may come, and those who are able to take a few days from business and drink in the salt air at Atlantic City derive more benefit from a brief stay in the Winter than in a fortnight's sojourn in the hot days of Summer.

To call Atlantic City a Summer resort does not cover the ground. Many of the hotels, and all of the best ones, are open the year round. This fashion was set about ten years ago by the proprietor of the Hotel Brighton, and has been kept by him ever since and copied by most of his neighbors. The experiment has proved a perfect success, and to many people the charms of Atlantic City in the Winter are more attractive than the allurements of sea bathing and music in the Summer.

Nearly everybody spends the day on or near the board-walk. A tramp on the boards or a stroll or ride along the beach at low tide are the regular events of every day life. Some who do not care to walk or ride sit in the glass-enclosed sun parlors and look at the ships sailing far out on the sea, or occupy their time in the less poetic of amusement of watching men dig clams on the shore. It is wonderful how the clam-digger manages to find the happy clam. I do not mean one of Frank Siddall's clams, for he is not hard to find anywhere, but the succulent, salt water shell fish. The digger walks near the edge of the waves with a hoe in one hand and a basket in the other, and whenever the hoe descends it is certain a clam has been found. The clams are used as bait in the cod fisheries.

Occasionally there is a storm, and the grandeur of a Winter's storm at sea is something that cannot be conceived by those who have only seen a Summer's gale. The great breakers come rolling in, their crests tipped with a line of snow-white foam, and dash madly against the wooden bulwarks, throwing volumes of water high in air. Then the waves slowly recede to meet another torrent of water rushing in, and again the white spray is tossed on high. The board-walk shivers under repeated blows at its supports, and fortunate is it if several lengths are not carried away.

There is a certain balminess peculiar to the air of Atlantic City, due, in the opinion of scientists, to the proximity of the gulf stream, which diverges slightly to the eastward after passing Cape May. The influence of this warm current is distinctly felt here where the trend of the coast exposes the shore to its full effect. The rigors of a Winter climate are moderated, the air is bracing, without being sharp, and the winds and breezes pleasant, not penetrating. Physicians claim that the atmosphere is a specific for certain cases of throat and lung trouble, and no doubt many people suffering from these complaints have been greatly benefited by a sojourn here. However, Atlantic City is not an infirmary by any means and the large majority of Winter visitors are those who desire a rest and want to enjoy it at a place where they will be free from annoyance and care, while not being so far away as to be unable to reach home quickly in case of emergency.

The hotel accommodations are excellent. At the Brighton, which is regarded as in many respects the best-appointed house on the coast, there is every convenience for making life pleasant, known to the guild of hotel keepers. The proprietor was the pioneer in the Winter business, and he has led from the first. The house is comfortable, the apartments roomy, the attendants well trained, and the cuisine of the best. There are other hotels open, some of them very good, none of them poor, but the Brighton is generally considered about the best.

There are ample railroad facilities for reaching Atlantic City. Fast express trains with parlor cars attached are run over the West Jersey and Camden and Atlantic railroads, covering the distance from the Delaware river to the sea in ninety minutes. The traveler enjoys a pleasant ride across the Jersey fields and through the pine forests, until at last he alights in the long depot, to hear the roar of old ocean sounding in his ears, and to draw into his lungs the bracing salt atmosphere that has crossed a dozen currents since it passed over the gulf stream, sixty five miles away.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Dec. 22, 1887.

Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, and you may better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter.

The English are now making American locomotives, with cowcatcher, balloon, funnel and all.

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suffer

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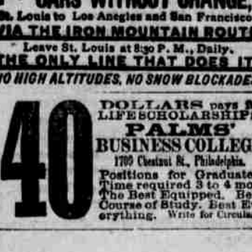

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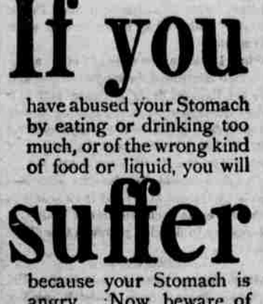

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

STATIONS.	P M	P M	NORTH. A. M.	A. M.
NORTHUMBERLAND	5 40	1 35	10 10	4 12
Cameron	5 55	....	10 25	4 30
Chulasky	6 00	....	10 29	4 34
Danville	6 08	1 58	10 36	4 40
Catawissa	6 25	2 14	10 50	4 56
Rupert	6 30	2 19	11 00	5 05
Bloomsburg	6 36	2 24	11 07	7 13
Espy	6 42	2 29	11 15	7 20
Lime Ridge	6 50	....	11 23	7 27
Willow Grove	6 54	....	11 26	7 31
Briarcreek	6 58	....	11 30	7 35
Berwick	7 05	2 45	11 37	7 43
Beach Haven	7 11	2 54	11 44	7 49
Hick's Ferry	7 18	2 59	11 48	55
Shickshinny	7 30	3 09	11 58	8 06
Hunlock's	7 43	3 19	12 08	17
Nanticoke	7 50	3 26	12 14	8 23
Avondale	7 54	....	12 20	8 28
Plymouth	7 59	3 35	12 25	8 33
Plymouth Junction	8 03	3 39	12 30	8 38
Kingston	8 08	3 43	12 37	8 45
Bennett	8 12	....	12 41	8 49
Maltby	8 17	....	12 45	8 53
Wyoming	8 22	3 52	12 50	8 58
West Pittston	8 27	3 58	12 55	9 03
Pittston	8 33	4 01	1 03	9 09
Lackawanna	8 40	....	1 11	9 17
Taylorville	8 48	....	1 19	9 25
Bellevue	8 54	....	1 25	9 30
SCRANTON	9 00	4 20	1 30	9 35
	P M	P M	P M	A M.

STATIONS.	A M	A M	SOUTH. P M	P M
SCRANTON	6 10	9 50	2 05	6 30
Bellevue	6 15	9 55	....	6 35
Taylorville	6 20	10 00	2 14	6 40
Lackawanna	6 28	10 08	2 21	6 47
Pittston	6 38	10 16	2 28	6 45
West Pittston	6 42	10 23	2 34	6 50
Wyoming	6 47	10 30	2 39	6 55
Maltby	6 51	10 30	....	6 59
Bennett	6 55	10 34	2 47	7 03
Kingston	6 59	10 39	2 52	7 07
Plymouth Junction	7 05	10 42	2 54	7 12
Plymouth	7 10	10 47	2 59	7 18
Avondale	7 14	10 51	3 03	7 21
Nanticoke	7 19	10 55	3 06	7 25
Hunlock's	7 26	11 02	3 19	7 43
Shickshinny	7 47	11 14	3 29	7 54
Hick's Ferry	7 55	11 22	3 39	8 07
Beach Haven	8 01	11 27	3 45	8 13
Berwick	8 07	11 37	3 51	8 20
Briarcreek	8 13	....	3 57	8 27
Willow Grove	8 16	11 48	4 01	8 31
Lime Ridge	8 20	11 52	4 05	8 35
Espy	8 26	11 59	4 12	8 41
Bloomsburg	8 32	12 05	4 18	8 47
Rupert	8 37	12 10	4 24	8 52
Catawissa	8 42	12 16	4 29	8 57
Danville	8 57	12 30	4 46	9 13
Chulasky	9 03	....	4 54	9 23
Cameron	9 07	12 40	5 00	9 28
NORTHUMBERLAND	9 22	12 55	5 18	9 45
	A M	P M	P M	P M

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamanend, Tamaqua, Williamsport, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc. At Northumberland with P. & E. Div. P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium, Warren, Corry and Erie.

V. F. HALSTEAD, Gen. Man., Scranton, Pa

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect May 29, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 2.15 p. m.; New York, 5.30 p. m.; Baltimore, 3.10 p. m.; Washington, 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.43 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 4.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsp't to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.35 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 6.15 a. m.; Washington, 8.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie at all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.53—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

12.52 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate station.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.30 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.55 a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 6.50 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.30 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.05 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.44 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Wilkes-Barre accom. leaves Sunbury 2.55 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 3.51; Wilkes-Barre, 4.05 p m.

Express East leaves sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.36 p. m. Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.35 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.44 a. m. Sunbury 12.48 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 3.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5.10p m

Catawissa accom. leaves Nescopeck 8.05 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 5.30 p m; Sunbury, 4.25 p m.

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.19 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.05 a.m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 3.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 4.39 p. m., Sunbury, 5.30 p. m.

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